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SPECIAL YOUTH ISSUE



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Dear Reader

The Organization of American States is looking to the future. It is especially interested in young people because the destiny of the inter-American system is in their hands. It wants them to be active, to defend their ideals staunchly. The youth program it is planning is an invitation to the younger generation, the future leaders of the American nations, to consider the problems affecting our Hemisphere and to prepare themselves, morally and mentally, to solve them. To this end, program activities will be carried on with the help of governments, universities, student associations, and other groups interested in the education of the people of tomorrow.

The program's point of departure will be the examination and dissemination of basic American thinking. It will promote study of the ideas and achievements of our countries' founders and other leaders. There will be a series of "University Seminars on American Thought," dealing with Alberdi, Ruy Barbosa, Bolívar, Hostos, Rio Branco, Artigas, Lincoln, Martí, Jefferson, Rodó, Santander, Sarmiento, Sierra, Montalvo, and others. The young people's evaluations of these outstanding men's views will make for greater continuity in our intellectual life and will root their own work firmly in history.

The youth program hopes also to encourage wider knowledge of inter-American relations and of the interdependence of our countries.

The "land of liberty" proclaimed in the American Declaration of the Rights and Duties of Man will not become a reality without young America's wholehearted support. Therefore the program will heavily emphasize civic training and alert the young people to their duties. This will of necessity include far more than theories and "book learning." The feeling for freedom and the readiness to serve—whether on a national or on an international level—are acquired only by actual experience. So the program will encourage young people to take an active part in civic affairs. As stated in the preamble of that Declaration, "The fulfillment of duty by each individual is a prerequisite to the rights of all. . . . While rights exalt individual liberty, duties express the dignity of that liberty."

Another objective of the OAS youth program will be the improvement and expansion of educational opportunities, national youth programs, young people's organizations, student exchange, and legislation affecting young people and their problems.

We should all give this worthy undertaking every encouragement, so that it can get under way as soon as possible.

José A. Mora

JOSÉ A. MORA
Secretary General

YOUTH

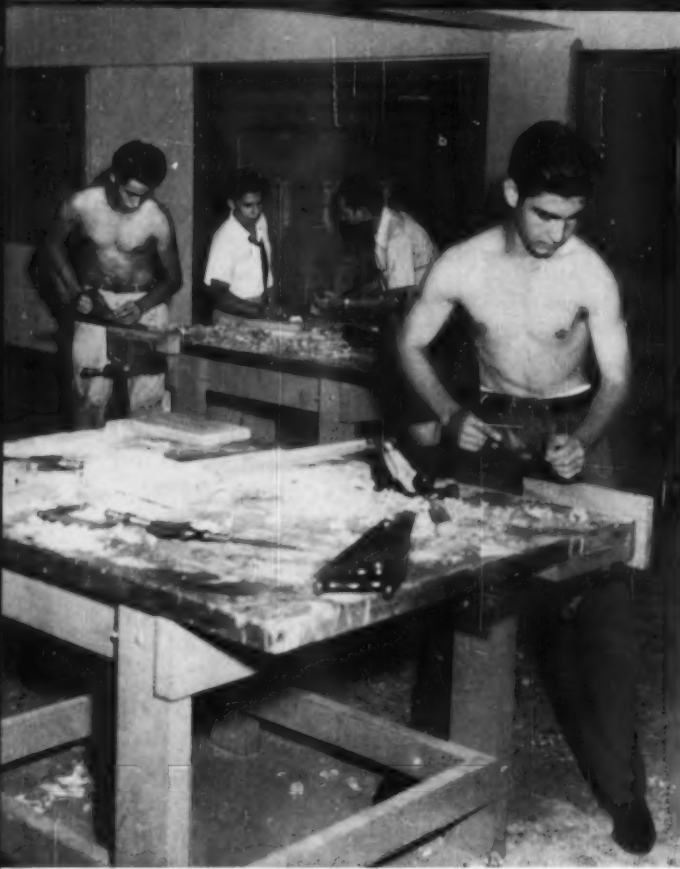
*What Western Hemisphere
young people are doing about
the state of the world*

HILTON DANILO MESKUS

IT HAS BEEN SAID that the Garden of Eden was an irrigated plot. From the beginning, men have been endeavoring to produce more and better crops with less labor. As this issue went to press, rural youth leaders from sixteen Latin American countries were busily engaged in San José, Costa Rica, at the Second Latin American Rural Youth Leaders' Workshop, pursuing, among other things, the same basic objectives sought by their forefathers—how to improve agricultural practices and rural communities.

Following in the footsteps of the United States 4-H Clubs, which introduced a new form of education with a single, clear-cut vocational purpose aimed directly at

Paraguayan students assemble radio sets at Asunción technical school, which was equipped with modern tools and machinery by International Cooperation Administration



Vocational training is important in educating today's youth: woodworking section of Ramirez Goyena School in Managua, Nicaragua

Extension agent examines vegetables grown on Bolivian farm. Agricultural experiment station carries on research and helps Indians to raise living standards



SHOWS THE WAY

the people, these youth leaders are now transforming the whole pattern of rural life in Latin America by training and organizing boys and girls in rural zones. Although the groups have different names—CAJP Clubs in Peru; 4-F Clubs in Ecuador; 4-H Clubs in British Guiana and the United States; 4-S Clubs in Costa Rica, Bolivia, and Panama; 4-C Clubs in El Salvador and Haiti; and so forth—their work is the same.

The San José Workshop is an offshoot of last year's first meeting in Ecuador, where rural-youth volunteer and professional leaders and 4-H members from eight Latin American nations shared their knowledge, problems, accomplishments, and hopes. This year's gathering is sponsored by the Costa Rican Ministry of Agriculture with the help of the International Cooperation Administration of the United States (Point IV), the Inter-American Technical Service of Agricultural Cooperation, and the Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences at Turrialba, an OAS specialized agency. Through case studies of important problems affecting the 4-H move-

ment, demonstrations, panel discussions, and field trips, the Workshop is dealing with the major problems suggested by the participating countries; the selection and training of voluntary and professional personnel to work with rural youth; the financing of members' projects; and the development of home-economics projects. On the question of financing, for instance, Edgar Arias, supervisor of Costa Rica's 4-S Clubs, will take the group's recommendations regarding the kind of financial aid required to the Latin American Agricultural Credit Workshop. This meeting, to be held in Panama in November, will be sponsored by credit unions, banks, and other financial agencies.

Other subjects being considered by the Workshop include publications, teaching methods and techniques, exchange programs in general, the International Farm Youth Exchange program in particular, questions of administration and supervision of 4-H clubs, and the development of individual and group programs. One of the favorite field trips is a visit to the Institute at Turrialba

Although he lacks an easel, nothing will stop him from painting. In Buenos Aires many budding artists take part in these open-air contests



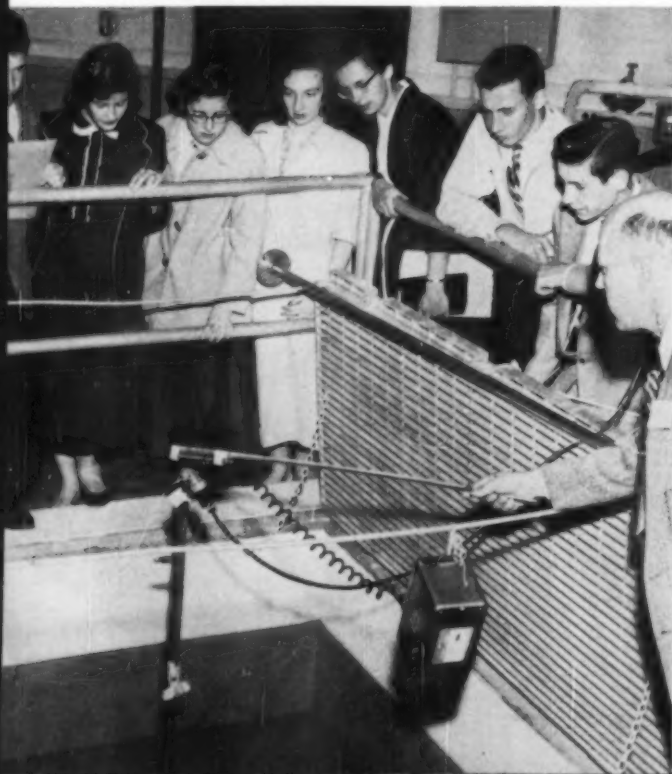
Salvadorian Minister of Agriculture awards cup to 4-C Club poultry contest winner. The clubs correspond to 4-H organization in the United States





California Wonder Bell peppers introduced to Haiti by cooperative Haitian-United States agricultural service thrive on the Caribbean island

In demonstration at National Bureau of Standards in Washington, U.S. secondary-school pupils learn about testing device that uses radioactive cobalt



to see the work under way there and to discuss the preparation of rural-youth literature and informational educational work for rural-youth programs. Miss Annie Gutierrez, a Spanish-speaking Californian who won this year's national Four-H Achievement Award in the United States, is a guest at the Workshop meetings.

If past performance is any gauge of the future, the San José meeting promises a large measure of success. Speaking of last year's Workshop in Ecuador, Kenneth H. Anderson, Associate Director of the National Work Committees of the Rural Farm Youth Clubs of the United States, said: "It was a friendly atmosphere—one in which the desire to share with others was paramount in the minds and hearts of everyone. Through the aid of interpreters we soon learned that language differences are not real barriers to understanding and building of good will.

"While the four-leaf clover and the 4-H name are not common to all countries, the ideals and objectives of rural-youth work are similar everywhere. . . . During the conference, Ecuador told of its highly successful 4-F poultry program, in which baby chicks raised in Florida are shipped by air to Ecuador through the cooperation of the Heifer Project, a church-sponsored organization in the United States. The Peruvians spoke with great pride of their soundly conceived and well-organized CAJP (Clubes Agrícolas Juveniles Peruanos), with a current membership of 2,215. Costa Rica outlined plans for its first National 4-S Week patterned after our own National Club Week. . . . I saw parents as eager as youth to learn how to feed and care for chickens and to sew a good seam. I saw church leaders speak with great fervor

Guatemalan agricultural students attend class on soil conservation. What they learn will help them and their neighbors to achieve larger and better crops



about the spiritual and character-building values of 4-H work."

This Rural Youth Movement is not an isolated case. From Argentina to Zanzibar, boys and girls are busy doing something about the state of the world: increasing educational facilities, improving living conditions, helping people to help themselves, or developing local leadership. They may be working through government-sponsored programs or with the help of the YMCA, the Boy and Girl Scouts movement, the Boys Councils of Optimist International, the American Friends Service Committee, the United Nations, the Organization of American States, and other national and international organizations.

The globe-circling operations of the Y movement, for instance, include almost as many activities as the UN. The YMCA's World Alliance, active in seventy-eight countries and territories, has a world-wide membership of more than four million youths, reaches many millions more through its extension program, and runs some ten thousand centers. Programs embrace adult-education activities, vocational guidance, clinics, boys' and girls' clubs, camps, and sports. In Brazil, the São Paulo Y Capital Fund Drive broke the local record for social-agency fund-raising, indicating that city's deeper awareness of the importance of such movements. The Y in La Paz, Bolivia, which started from scratch a few years ago with twenty-eight people huddled in one room, now has several hundred members and occupies four floors. The educational programs of the Rio de Janeiro and Porto Alegre Y's are backed by the federal government, and the Mexican Government has used YMCA staff members

Members of youth branch of Peruvian Red Cross practice in special camps in order to be prepared to help out in case of national disaster



to help develop the capital's playgrounds.

In El Salvador, young people from several nations, working with the government as part of a broad United Nations Demonstration Area program, have seen the barren tropical valley of El Sitio del Niño transformed into a forward-looking community. Thatch-roofed huts have given way to tile-roofed brick houses. Primitive methods of sanitation, agriculture, and education are yielding to healthful, productive methods. This group, a volunteer Community Service Unit of the American Friends Service Committee ("Los Amigos"), is currently staffed by ten North Americans and three girls from Mexico, Peru, and Finland. Another community-development project under joint sponsorship of the government and "Los Amigos" is going forward in Joya del Cerén. Similar groups have also worked in Mexico since 1939. Altogether, about three thousand young people have given a summer or a year of service to the two countries.

Many private and public organizations, aware of the value of student exchange, are sponsoring international fellowship programs for deserving graduates. One case in point is that of Rotary International, which began its program eleven years ago. Since then 953 young men and women from sixty-one countries have been awarded fellowships for study abroad. During the 1957-58 school year outstanding graduates from thirty-one countries will benefit from Rotary's fellowships. These include four from Argentina, one from Bolivia, nine from Brazil, three from Chile, one from Colombia, one from the Dominican Republic, four from Mexico, one from Peru, and three from the United States.

Apart from the work at Turrialba to train graduate

Poultry specialists from the cooperative agricultural service in Ecuador give instructions on care and feeding of the birds. This boy is a member of a 4-F Club (equivalent of 4-H)





Three young members of an agricultural club in the center of Paraguay tend baby chicks for their food-raising program



Venezuelan Y members plant a tree. The twelve-foot pine from the United States will join others in YMCA's new Friendship Forest

Mexican scouts enjoy camping out. Boy Scout movement has large following throughout Latin America

agriculture students of all the Americas in practical scientific methods—which they will later apply in their own countries—the Organization of American States is lending direct aid to the youth of the Americas through its educational-interchange program and the Leo S. Rowe Fund. The Organization promotes the exchange of persons, supplies information on educational subjects, and helps nationals of one country who wish to study in another. Through the Leo S. Rowe Pan American Fund, the OAS provides interest-free loans to Latin American students, graduate or undergraduate, who wish to further their education in the United States. And its Department of Cultural Affairs organizes seminars, round tables, and student conferences.

A private international group with a big stake in the future of youth is the Boy Scouts. The first annual report of the Boy Scouts Association of the United Kingdom was issued forty-seven years ago. Its aim, it said, was to develop in its members "the qualities of . . . frontier colonists, such as resourcefulness, endurance, pluck, trustworthiness, etc., plus the chivalry of the Knights. . . ." If Lieutenant General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, who conceived the idea for this organization while serving in the British Constabulary in South Africa, had been present at the Scouts Jamboree held this summer in Valley Forge Park, Pennsylvania, he would have witnessed the biggest out-of-classroom educational enterprise in history. In the United States, the organization that has become such a vast international institution (over six million Scouts in sixty-two countries) started in 1910. Today, U.S. Scout membership exceeds four and a half million, and although the organization's basic aims are the same Baden-Powell stated—"to help in mak-



ing the rising generation, of whatever class or creed, into good citizens"—it can no longer be considered simply a camping outfit. It now includes programs in electronics, mechanics, and TV repair, and a course in atomic energy will soon be added. The same is true of the separate Girl Scouts organization, which has about three million members and is building a four-million-dollar national headquarters in New York City.

"Scouting is big business, the business of developing character in boys," says Chief Scout Executive Arthur A. Schuck. "But it's not a business in terms of dollars and cents." Though non-profit, Scouting activities involve a good deal of money. Last year, for example, the national office alone spent over six million dollars for operating costs. Almost half the budget comes from individual membership dues of fifty cents a year. The rest is made up of endowments, contributions from local groups, and profits from its business enterprises. The Boy Scouts of America operate a thriving wholesale supply business (uniforms, hatchets, knives, and the like) that grosses about twenty million dollars a year. They also publish a monthly magazine with a paid circulation of 1,600,000 and operate a movie studio in Mendham, New Jersey, that eventually may be used to produce a weekly television show. For the time being it concentrates on such films as *Axmanship*, *Your Friend the Forest*, *Significance of the Boy Scout Uniform*, and *Cubbers' Pow Wow*.

During 1956, 19,100 training courses for volunteer Scout leaders were held with 370,000 participating. The Boy Scouts serve continuously in Emergency Service and Civil Defense programs, are among the first to arrive in case of floods, tornadoes, or similar disasters, and give valuable aid to the Red Cross. They have also helped the

physically handicapped and the mentally retarded. More than 250 units are organized in institutions for delinquent and mentally retarded boys. The unqualified endorsement of the world's leading institutions attests to the effectiveness of the Scout program.

About a fourth of the United States college population recently showed concern with today's problems when the National Student Association convened at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. Representatives of eight hundred thousand students from 350 colleges and universities drafted what could be described as "the students' Bill of Rights" and a basic declaration on academic freedom. Besides lashing out against the many existing prejudices, injustices, and taboos that affect them, the students rallied in defense of their teachers. After debating their own immediate problems, such as the economic barriers that prevent many of them from completing advanced studies—and suggesting remedies to counteract them—they dwelt at length on nuclear weapons, civil rights, racial and religious segregation, and their right to question, criticize, and dissent.

On behalf of their teachers they asked for freedom of research and publication of findings; that they be allowed to join organizations without incurring reprisals, provided such groups are not illegal under the civil statutes; and that the employment of teachers and professors should be based solely on their ability to fulfill the requirements of the position. They also voted for the removal of bars to the free exchange of information, and, in the case of foreign students, for a more liberal immigration policy that would permit a closer social contact with students from other lands.

Youth, in short, is aware of its responsibilities. ♦ ♦ ♦

Sculpture rates high among students of School of Fine Arts in Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic



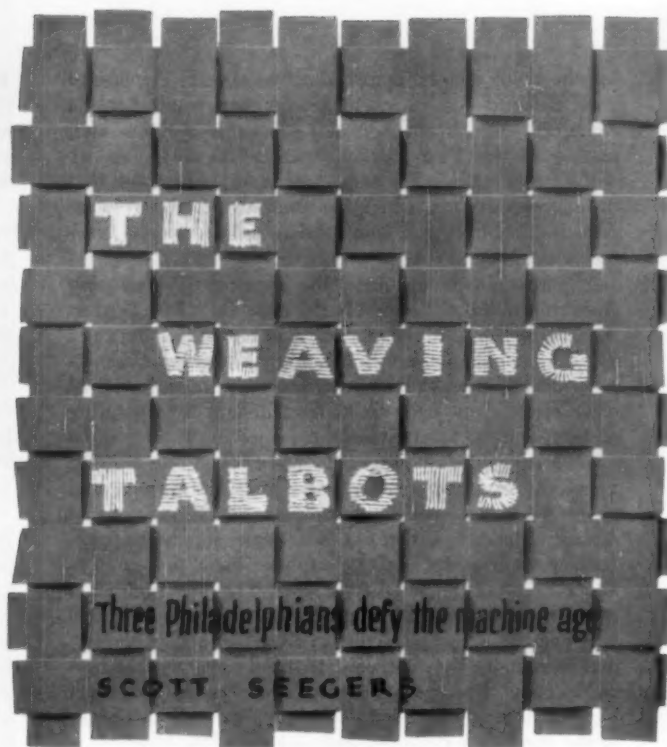
Brazilian bandeirantes (Girl Scouts) tidy up their quarters during recent camping trip





Ninety-year-old Mrs. Talbot works intricate piece of embroidery in her cluttered living room. Chair upholstery is also a product of Talbot looms

Below: Frances Talbot at one of big eighteenth-century looms that jam third floor. Only modern loom in the house is small metal one used by Mrs. Talbot



William Talbot working on a design. Research and dealing with church architects are his contributions to the Talbot collective enterprise



MRS. KATHARINE TALBOT is a tiny, imperious, ninety-year-old widow who has won a revolution against the machine age and is proud of it.

Mrs. Talbot, her son William, and her daughter Frances comprise the Talbot Studios of Philadelphia, the only commercial enterprise in the United States dedicated to weaving ecclesiastical fabrics by hand. From their clacking eighteenth-century wooden looms slowly grow the richly colored and embroidered tapestries that go by such traditional names as baldachins, orphreys, galloons, dossals, frontals, and chasubles. Their work adorns more than a thousand churches of many denominations from Tacoma to Boston.

These fabrics are more than mere decorations. From the beginning of the Christian era, the rituals of the Catholic Church and, through the centuries, those of the various Protestant denominations, embodied designs and symbols peculiar to the respective creeds. In many branches of the Christian church the true significance and use of a considerable number of these specific symbols had been forgotten or misunderstood. Through years of painstaking study the Talbots have revived the original meaning and proper use of many of these symbols and their proper applications on church hangings.

Most churches today use machine-made hangings that are turned out by the thousands of yards in about a dozen standard patterns. Machine-embroidered religious symbols such as angels, torches, flaming swords, saints' faces, and the like are bought and stitched onto the background. In every larger congregation there is at least one devoted parishioner who laboriously embroiders a few symbols by hand and sews them to the machine-made background.

The Talbots will have none of such decadent labor-saving. Every piece of fabric they make is designed for the church where it is to be used, and the symbols are either woven into the design or embroidered on.

With the conviction that anything a machine can do a craftsman can do better, the Talbots will take on any job they can fit into their hectic schedule, provided it is for a church. Once they turned out more than two hundred yards of heavy silk fabric for a dossal cloth and its accompanying hangings. An order of this size would be highly regarded by any modern mill specializing in luxury textiles. At the other end of the scale they undertook a commission on which no manufacturer in his right mind would bid: an eight-inch square to be used as a background for a rare medallion.

Neither do the Talbots give the machines any odds when it comes to speed of production. The Birmingham, Michigan, Presbyterian Church gave them an order in January for a hanging thirty-five feet long by thirteen feet wide, to be finished and hung for Easter services. The Talbots designed and wove the huge piece of silken cloth, covered it with appropriate embroidered decorations, and delivered it before the deadline.

Free-lance writer and photographer SCOTT SEEGER, who hails from Andalusia, Alabama, and makes his home in McLean, Virginia, is a frequent contributor to AMERICAS.

Impossible for any machine was the job of restoration they did for Temple University. This was a great velvet drape covered with embroidered religious symbols from thirteenth-century copes and chasubles. Not only was the huge drape "sewed every which way," as Mrs. Talbot scornfully described it, but as Frances began the delicate job of re-embroidering damaged portions of the symbols, the very background fabric began to disintegrate. Patiently she re-wove the backgrounds as she restored the embroidery. No one knew what any of the symbols represented, and Frances began digging into their probable origins and significance. After a long search, she came upon an old book from the Cologne Museum in which every symbol was reproduced and identified. This formidable job of restoration, done on an odd-moment basis, took six years.

On at least one occasion the Talbot flexibility of operation helped twentieth-century techniques out of a hole. Between the two World Wars one of the country's major manufacturers of electronic equipment came to her with a sample of copper wire so fine as to be almost invisible. For a secret electrical device then in the experimental stage he needed a two-by-two-inch square woven of this wire with a tiny mesh of sixty wires to the inch (ordinary window screen has eighteen wires to the inch). The device was complete except for the wire grid. Without the grid no one, not even the inventor, knew whether the invention would work.

"It would cost thousands of dollars to set up a machine to weave this one grid," explained the manufacturer. "Can you do it?"

"The miserable stuff hadn't the give and stretch of silk," related Mrs. Talbot. "It had no strength at all and couldn't be kinked or even bent too sharply. If the wire broke at any point the whole thing would have to be done over.

"But it didn't break," she added airily.

The grid made the device work and it went into production.

The Talbot revolution opened without gunfire in 1904 when Mrs. Talbot's husband, the late Arnold G. Talbot, who hated his mechanized job in a Providence, Rhode Island, button factory, lugged home the components of an eighteenth-century loom he had picked up at an auction. He did not know how to assemble or use it, but it looked interesting and was too great a bargain to pass up.

His new acquisition banished to the attic, Arnold Talbot spent much of his spare time tinkering with his bundle of giant jackstraws. He put it together this way and that, but there were always pieces left over, and nothing worked. Finally, by a process of elimination, he got the loom assembled so that every piece moved logically. But he still did not know how to make cloth.

Most handicrafts are the essence of simplicity. A careful, analytical look at the handmade table, silver spoon, or wrought-iron balustrade will disclose most of the secrets of its manufacture. To duplicate it one needs only patience, time to practice, and willingness to suffer occasional lacerations until the tools learn to do what one requires. Nothing so simple is true of weaving. The basis

of every textile pattern is a "draft," which shows in a sort of weaver's shorthand where and in what sequence every thread must be tied on the loom and started into the design. A draft is as rigid and as technical as a chemical formula, and any departure from it results in a fabric of chaotic pattern distortion.

Hopefully, Talbot called upon his weaver friends in local textile mills. They were no help. They understood only the operation of the mechanical monsters that were just then beginning to make textile manufacture a major U.S. industry.

The Talbots then thought of Weaver Rose. This cantankerous old fellow was the last of the itinerant American weavers. His mentor and predecessor, the famous colonial weaver Martin Reed, had bequeathed Rose his looms and his large collection of Early American drafts. At the time of the Talbots' early struggles to learn to weave, Rose was living with his two sisters in South County, Rhode Island, in semi-poverty. No longer concerned with the fine craft he knew, he was using the looms to weave rag rugs for sale in Providence shops. Arnold Talbot's family had often taken small gifts of tea, sugar, and such things to the Rose household, and knew him well. Mrs. Talbot called on Rose and asked him to give her weaving lessons.

The old man regarded her stonily. "Took me a year to learn to read a draft and tie up a loom," he snapped. "If you want to learn, you'll have to come and live here with us."

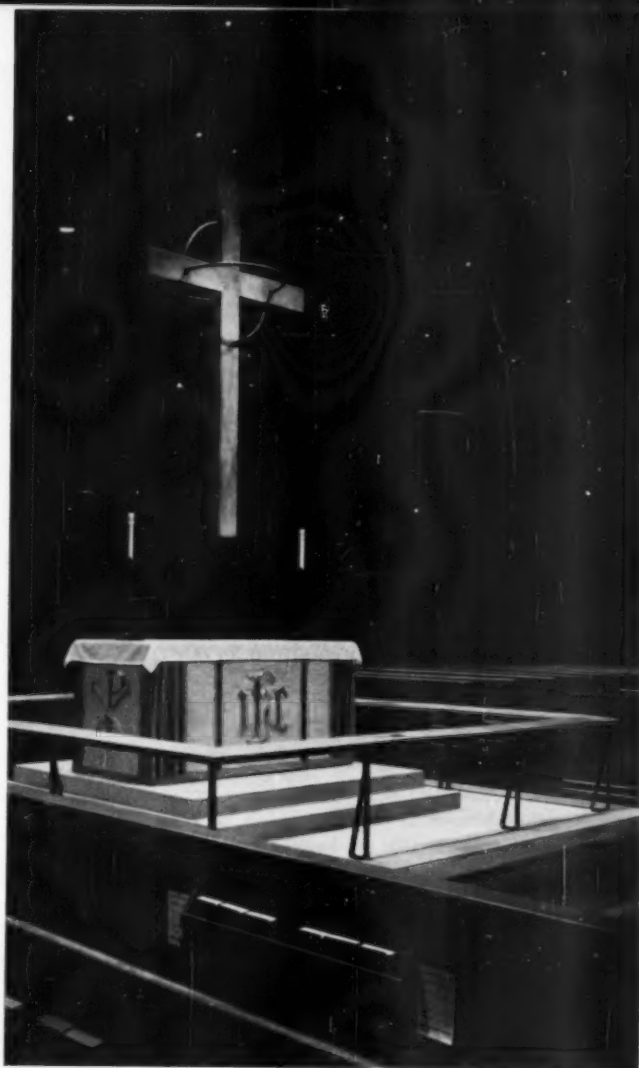
Mrs. Talbot protested that she had a home, a husband, and a small son. Rose was adamant. Mrs. Talbot presently realized that the old weaver was furious with her for presuming to learn his craft.

Back at home the Talbots struggled with the gargantuan puzzle of sticks and string until the mysteries of warp and woof (the lateral and transverse threads, respectively) began slowly to yield to their patience. "Putting a warp on the loom was apparently a hopeless task," Mrs. Talbot recalled, "but eventually we accomplished it."

At first the achievement of turning out any kind of textile was all the triumph the Talbots needed. But as their facility increased, so did their interest in specific types of fabric. They began haunting attics and antique shops in search of any old scrap of Early American weaving, however worn or faded. These treasures they unraveled one thread at a time, tracing the path of each on a piece of paper that became an authentic draft as the piece of cloth was reduced to a heap of string.

Weaving a length of fabric takes considerable time, and once the piece is started it must stay on the loom until it is completed. Unless their new hobby was to perish of malnutrition, the Talbots soon needed more looms. New England attics provided them, usually at about ten dollars each. Some householders were glad to get rid of the dust-catchers. Others were embarrassed, feeling that ownership indicated an excessively peasant family background. One fine loom turned up behind a Rhode Island farmhouse, its high, rectangular frame boarded up and roofed over to serve as a henhouse.

The Talbots' collection of drafts grew. Old Weaver



Frontal covering free-standing altar of Saint Clement's Episcopal Church in Alexandria, Virginia, was woven at Talbot Studios

Rose died and they bought his draftbook from his sisters. As they wove copies of colonial fabrics for use in their own home, their fame spread throughout Providence. So many friends clamored to buy "just one piece" that the Talbots held an exhibition of their work in 1905. The response was such that Arnold Talbot happily quit his job in the button factory and became a full-time weaver.

From the first the Talbots had about as much work as they could turn out. Their chief difficulty was in calculating the amount of work each order would take, and in charging enough to pay for their time. Other difficulties arose when, after submitting a bid, they decided to try some new (to them) design that involved much more work than they had anticipated.

Mrs. Talbot still recalls ruefully their first big job. This was to design and weave every piece of fabric, including towels, curtains, and bed linens, for one wing of the then new home of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in fashionable Newport.

"We just *must* get this order," Arnold Talbot said

repeatedly as he worked over the estimates. "We'll shave the price so that they can't refuse it." They cut the price, and then cut it again, until the profit had almost vanished. Finally they mailed their bid. Within a day or two a brief confirming order arrived, with check enclosed. Belatedly, the Talbots reflected that if the price had been twice what they quoted, the order would probably have come through just as readily.

The Talbots experimented with every natural thread, but they had the traditionalist's distrust of new synthetics then coming into vogue. Once a contract from an outstanding New York decorator, Albert Herter, specified a combination of cotton and artificial silk. The experiment was so important that Herter sent one of his staff from New York to Providence to oversee the job. Mrs. Talbot set up the cotton warp, and wove about a foot of the woof with the synthetic silk. She did not like the effect and, characteristically, said so. Her husband did not care for it either, and their misgivings impressed Herter's man. They decided to try a wash of water color over the fabric. The color applied, they stood with their backs to the loom discussing the project. When they turned to the loom again, the warp was still in place but the synthetic thread had disintegrated, leaving only a few soggy ravelings dangling from the cotton. They finished the job with genuine silk and never tried synthetics again.

William and Frances Talbot spent their babyhood crawling about the studio, their childhood learning to weave, and their adolescence and adulthood as weavers. The first work of both children was handing the myriad thread ends to their parents in the proper order to fit the design. "Very tiresome," says Frances, "but very important, because if they weren't in the right order, the whole thing had to be done over."

Frances' first piece of weaving was a small pillow cover done at the age of eight. "My pride was boundless," she remarked. "I carried that piece of fabric around with me for days." The pillow cover still exists, but has been relegated to the attic.

In 1925 the Talbots received from the famous church architect Ralph Adams Cram an order for galloons to be woven onto a piece of fifteenth-century velvet and hung as a dossal behind the tomb of Bishop Satterlee in the Washington, D.C., Cathedral. It was their first job for a church, and they found the character of the fabric and the pageantry of its use very satisfying from the weaver's point of view. Fascinated by the relationship between church architecture and draperies, they plunged into ecclesiastical research with the same intensity they had brought to learning their craft twenty years before. But, as church architects were scarce indeed in Rhode Island, and both New York and Philadelphia bristled with them, the Talbots moved in 1926 to Philadelphia. They set up their home and studio in the narrow, three-story brick town house on conservative Delancey Place that is still occupied by Mrs. Talbot and Frances (Arnold Talbot died in 1939). Word of their unique artistry spread rapidly through the closely knit clerical profession, and for the past thirty years they have never caught

up with their work. Since 1930 they have accepted no more orders for commercial weaving.

Every order has problems distinct in some ways from every other, depending on the size and construction of the church, location of pulpit or organ, and other details. For example, architects found that a cotton hanging before a pipe organ does not distort the tone as much as the traditional screen of wood paneling. The Talbots devised a way of weaving cotton so that a single piece fifty feet long sags less, they say, "than a machine-made tablecloth."

Hangings for the Chinese Interdenominational Church in Philadelphia presented another equation. Since the specific sectarian symbols of Baptist, Lutheran, Methodist, or Presbyterian creeds would be out of place, the Talbots used only the symbols universally accepted by all Christian faiths. For the color scheme they used the blue-and-gold-on-lacquer-red that has characterized Chinese decoration since the beginning of history.

William's indefatigable delving into ancient sources led to his rediscovery of the tenth-century concept of the crucified Christ triumphant, in contrast to the torn and drooping agonized Christ of the Renaissance. The cross is there and the nails, but the figure is straight and the head erect, signifying His will to be there. Instead of a wreath of thorns, His head bears a king's crown. This may not be historically accurate, but it is a more lordly and inspiring vision than the beaten and comatose figure of our day.

Working from documents a thousand years old, William designed a crucifix to be executed in wood. The famous Swedish sculptor Thorsten Sigstedt turned out several of these. One was ordered by Cardinal Hayes for St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City. Others adorn the St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Berlin, Maryland, and St. John's Episcopal Church in Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

However, William's research was not without frustration. Once the loom tie-up for a particularly intricate design took most of his time for several days. He finally worked it out with obvious, if pardonable, pride. A day or so later, leafing through an ancient book from England, he found the identical design, with his pet loom tie-up meticulously illustrated.

William is a tall, deliberate, fiftyish pipe smoker who probably owes his youthful figure to the contortions necessary for tying up a loom for a new piece of work. This is a horizontal operation, done on the floor beneath the loom, alternately on back, stomach, and sides, with plenty of the half-sitting, squirming, reaching, and other tendon-pulling pastimes so prized by the slimming specialists.

When not tying up a loom, William designs, consults with architects, and takes measurements in churches for work to be done. He no longer does any weaving. He is an Associate Member of the Institute of American Architects, the only weaver within its ranks. One of his avocations is his membership on the Board of Managers of the Philadelphia Art Alliance. He is married and lives a block away from the studio.

Frances is a few years younger than her brother. A

personality as vigorous as Mrs. Talbot's, in a lifetime of close contact, might have dimmed or extinguished the force of character of a lesser woman. Frances, however, is as direct and forthright as her mother, and it is probably a minor miracle that two such independent women have achieved so close a relationship under the same roof.

Frances weaves all the larger pieces and does much of the designing. She is a nationally known expert in the difficult art of "face embroidery," the reproduction of human features in thread. As in the case of William's chore of tying up the looms, operating one of the big scaffold-like machines is sedentary only in that one does it sitting down. For every transverse thread in the fabric, the big wooden shuttle must be hurled the width of the fabric and caught with the other hand. For the next thread the treadle is pushed down and the shuttle hurled back. All this involves arms, shoulders, back, and legs as much perhaps as skiing, another activity that demands that the practitioner stay bent in the middle most of the time.

Frances gets off-the-job relaxation as vice chairman of the district chapter of the Red Cross Motor Corps, which takes in Philadelphia and five surrounding counties.

Mrs. Talbot no longer uses the big looms. She weaves

anything that will go on the small forty-inch loom, however, and embroiders and designs. "And I answer the telephone and the doorbell and do whatever else is to be done around here," she added.

Frances and Mrs. Talbot live and work in a welter of gold and scarlet in the old house, which is otherwise an antiquarian's dream of miscellaneous heirlooms, four-poster beds, ship models, and muzzle-loading arms that William used to collect. Anything in the house is likely to be draped haphazardly with richly gleaming fabrics, depending on what and how much work is under way.

The looms are on the third floor for good reason. When Frances is working on a big piece, she simply weaves it out the door, along the hall, over the banister, and down the stair well.

In and around this luxurious disorder Mrs. Talbot keeps house with an aplomb that recognizes nothing as unusual. When I arrived to photograph their operation, the fact that I brought a baby squirrel that had to be fed a special formula every hour seemed in no way out of the ordinary. She or Frances, depending on which of them was being photographed at the moment, warmed the formula and helped get it into the tiny rodent.

This relaxed attitude is worn with grace by Mrs. Talbot, who is nevertheless an authentic grande dame in



Frances Talbot at work on one of the symbols for the end-pieces of the four-sided altar cloth shown on page 10



Christ Triumphant, designed by William Talbot and his mother, carved in oak by noted Swedish sculptor Thorsten Sigstedt

appearance and manner and is not to be taken lightly. A 1915 notation in a Washington, D.C., optometrist's files lists her lens prescription and adds, "Do not be flip with Mrs. T."

Insistence upon the amenities does not prevent Mrs. Talbot from taking keen delight in scandalizing people on occasion. Once when she put down a difficult bit of embroidery to answer the telephone, a cultured feminine voice asked her to vote for William Bullitt (later U.S. Ambassador to Russia and France), then campaigning for mayor of Philadelphia.

"Don't like the idea of Mr. Bullitt as mayor at all, so I shan't vote for him," responded Mrs. Talbot.

"But don't you want something done about the disgraceful garbage disposal service?" persisted the campaign worker.

"Garbage is no problem to me," said Mrs. Talbot. "I simply put it out the kitchen window."

The caller caught her breath audibly, hesitated, and tried again. "But Mr. Bullitt will clean up the frightful condition of our drinking water," she said.

"Water's no problem either," Mrs. Talbot replied. "I never drink the stuff." She regarded the telephone gleefully as it transmitted the sound of a gasp, an instant of shocked silence, and a click as the caller hung up.

(She did put the garbage out the kitchen window—to a man whom she paid to collect it. And she doesn't drink water—she drinks tea.)

Those queried say the profession of weaving authentically designed ecclesiastical fabrics by hand will probably die with the Talbot family. Even in Europe, where this

was once a thriving art-craft, today it is difficult to find such a professional weaver. At one time the Talbots employed eight other weavers to whom their exacting standards might have been passed on. But for a number of years now they have worked alone. "Nobody wants to do careful work any more," Mrs. Talbot says scornfully. "Hired a woman a few years ago who said she wanted to learn to weave. At first I gave her a simple job of sewing to do. Took stitches big enough to hang herself."

The twentieth century has made one small breach in the Talbots' medieval fortress of craftsmanship. In 1955 the studio turned out an altar cloth for the free-standing, centrally placed altar of the modern St. Clement's Episcopal Church of Alexandria, Virginia. In order to make the covering hang smoothly on all four sides, Frances and William decided to install zippers at the corners. "We didn't quite know how to tell Mother about this," Frances said. "But she took it very well." ♦ ♦ ♦

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Inside
back cover Flávio Damm, courtesy *O Cruzeiro*

ANSWERS TO QUIZ on page 43

1. To catch insects. 2. No. 3. Condor. 4. Tern. 5. No. 6. Fruit.
7. Spoonbill. 8. For their droppings, or guano, used for fertilizer.
9. Its cry. 10. Guatemala.



A page from Argentine caricaturist
RAMÓN COLUMBA'S notebook on the
 Buenos Aires Conference



José A. Mora
 OAS SECRETARY GENERAL



Adalberto Krieger Vasena
 FINANCE MINISTER, ARGENTINA
 CONFERENCE CHAIRMAN



Antonio Álvarez Restrepo
 FINANCE MINISTER, COLOMBIA



Per Jacobsson
 INTERNATIONAL MONETARY
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Rubén D. Carles
 FINANCE MINISTER, PANAMA



Conrado Beckmann
 CONFERENCE SECRETARY
 GENERAL



Alejandro Orfila
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 CHAIRMAN, INTER-AMERICAN
 ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL COUNCIL



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 CHAIRMAN, HAITIAN
 DELEGATION

RC

WHAT HAPPENED AT BUENOS AIRES

A report on the OAS Economic Conference

JORGE HAZERA

ON WEDNESDAY MORNING September 4, 1957, the Final Act of the Economic Conference of the OAS was signed in Buenos Aires. This solemn ceremony marked the end of the specialized conference for which we had to wait the longest and from which the most was hoped for in all the history of our regional organization.

Ten years before, when the Inter-American Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance was signed in Rio de Janeiro on September 2, 1947, establishing the basis for the maintenance of Hemisphere peace and security, the representatives of the American republics recognized that military security depends to a large extent on economic security. They resolved then to request that a special economic conference be called, to be held in the second half of 1948, to study the best procedure for putting into effect the economic agreement that the Ninth Inter-American Conference was scheduled to draw up at Bogotá during the first half of that year, and also to examine measures for making inter-American economic cooperation more effective.

The numerous reservations attached by many governments to the Economic Agreement that was signed in Bogotá made it a dead letter. In view of this, the Economic Conference was not held in 1948. In fact, it was repeatedly put off until 1957. With the passage of time, many came to feel that the principal object of the Conference, when it should be held, would be to negotiate a new agreement that would be acceptable to all the member countries.

Some people point to the fact that this desire for a general agreement to regulate the economic relations of the American countries was not fulfilled at the recent Conference. They cite this as proof that the meeting was a failure.

It is not only true that the Economic Conference found it impossible to reach unanimous agreement on all the substantial points that would be involved in a general economic agreement; it is also true that the meeting ended without a Latin American "common market" being formed or an inter-American development bank established. However, it would be a mistake to judge the Conference solely on the basis of these facts, skipping over the concrete achievements that were made there. Nor should it be forgotten that the Conference does not represent an isolated phenomenon in the economic life of America whose results could be separated from and analyzed independently of the history of the OAS in recent years.

While this meeting was the first inter-American Eco-

nomic Conference to be held since the OAS Charter was signed in Bogotá, the American countries have met on various occasions since 1948 to deal with matters of economic interest. It cannot be said that the just aspirations of the underdeveloped countries of the Hemisphere were fully satisfied in any of these meetings. But in each the bases for closer future collaboration were laid down. It would be pointless to say that this most recent meeting had solved all the problems, or that any that may be held in the future can do so. But it would be even more pointless to maintain that economic meetings that fail to achieve this result are unjustifiable. The first eight Inter-American Conferences did not give rise to the Charter of the Organization, but they did allow the necessary atmosphere to be developed so that this constitution of our regional system could be produced at the Ninth Conference.

In a world of serious political disturbances, and still more in one of transcendent technological and economic changes, it is not altogether strange that the Plenipotentiary Delegates to the Buenos Aires Conference should not have been able to set down in a doctrinaire agreement the standards that should regulate the complex, dynamic mechanism of the Hemisphere economy. It was perhaps a wise decision the Conference took to refer the proposed General Economic Agreement to the OAS Council for further study, so that it can be carried to maturity, instead of signing a new pact that, like the Bogotá agreement, might prove inoperative even before it was ratified.

Meanwhile, in the Economic Declaration of Buenos Aires, the governments of the Hemisphere once more affirmed the general principles they will apply in their economic relations, and they have summed up the spirit of all the decisions made at the Conference. The Declaration does not contain novel ideas, but it is significant because it represents the first time this set of standards has been unanimously accepted by the American countries represented at the Conference.

The Conference gave the highest officials in the economic field the opportunity to gain personal knowledge of the policies each country proposes to follow in the critical period—for economic development—that Latin America is facing. Thus, convinced that the increasing development of the Latin American countries requires more rapid expansion of inter-Latin-American trade, the delegates supported the desirability of gradually and progressively establishing a Latin American regional market, in a multilateral and competitive form. To this end, they asked the competent agencies of the OAS to collaborate closely with the agencies of the United Nations that are carrying on active work in this field.

Taking note with satisfaction of the progress attained

JORGE HAZERA, who is Minister Counselor of the Costa Rican Embassy in Washington and his country's Representative on the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, was a member of the Costa Rican delegation to the Buenos Aires Conference.

so far through the international credit institutions already in existence, the Conference declared the necessity for further study of formulas and policies to allow a broadening of the financing of economic development in Latin America, and asked the OAS to carry on this work.

In the field of technical cooperation, the measures recommended by the Conference should be very beneficial, since they will permit extension and improvement of activities of this sort that are at the service of the American countries. The Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences would be reorganized: it would have a Board of Directors made up of technical officials and its system of financial support would be modified to increase its resources.

In all these matters, and in those related to inter-

national trade, housing, transportation and communications, migration and agrarian colonization, fiscal and monetary policy, and statistics, the Conference made decisions that will enable the Organization of American States to channel its future efforts better and play its role more effectively as the instrument of coordination of official inter-American activities in the vast and important field of economics. Therefore, the governments can regard this new stage in the course of their economic progress with satisfaction. The successes achieved at the Conference will redound to the immediate benefit of the countries and will provide a stimulus for them to continue struggling, with good will, for new conquests and for the solution of problems on which it was not possible to reach final agreement this time. ♦ ♦ ♦

ECONOMIC DECLARATION OF BUENOS AIRES

The Economic Conference of the Organization of American States makes the following declaration, which shall be known as the "Economic Declaration of Buenos Aires":

Since the full realization of the destiny of the Americas is inseparable from the economic and social development of its peoples,

The Economic Conference of the Organization of American States

REAFFIRMS:

That it is the intention of the governments to strengthen conditions that will promote the maximum economic growth of each country through the attainment of high and stable levels of real income, employment, and consumption, in order that all their peoples may be adequately fed, housed, and clothed and have access to the services necessary for health, education, and general well-being; and

DECLARES:

That for the realization of these principles and purposes, and in accordance with the provisions of the Charter of the United Nations and the Charter of the Organization of American States, it is the purpose of the governments to promote:

1. The expansion of the volume of trade among themselves and with other nations, on a mutually advantageous basis, including the cooperative measures necessary to achieve this end.

2. The reduction of barriers to inter-American and international trade, taking into account the measures that are necessary in the light of the economic conditions and requirements of each of the American states or of several of them among themselves.

3. International cooperation, either by means of intergovernmental consultations or through other arrangements that are agreed upon, relating to the problems of basic or primary products, whose prices are subject to excessive fluctuations, and with an orderly disposal of surpluses in a manner that will not unduly disrupt international trade.

4. The adoption of measures to facilitate, for their mutual benefit, the acquisition of and trade in capital, machinery, raw materials, techniques, and other elements needed for their economic and social requirements.

5. The intensification of their efforts, individually or through international financial institutions, to expand the flow of public capital to the countries of the Americas, by the granting of credits for the sound financing of investments considered essential for development, and to stimulate private investment therein for the purpose of promoting their

economic development and strengthening mutually beneficial economic relationships among the American nations.

6. The continuation of their efforts to attain sound monetary and financial conditions.

7. The intensification of their national and international efforts for the effective utilization and development of their means of transportation and communication.

8. The conclusion of agreements by the interested governments, to facilitate free transit for landlocked countries for the purposes of their trade.

9. The effective support, through the Organization of American States and the competent international agencies, or directly among themselves, of technical and scientific cooperation programs that, taking into account the related national or regional plans, will contribute to the acceleration of economic development and the improvement of the standards of living of the peoples of the hemisphere.

10. The strengthening of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, so that it may respond fully to the purposes and functions assigned to it by the Charter of the Organization of American States; act as the organ for coordinating official inter-American economic and social activities; and deal effectively with the requests for consultation that the states may make, with a view to the prevention of difficulties or the solution of economic problems.

The terms of this Declaration shall be applied by each State in the extent permitted by its resources and requirements, its laws, and its international obligations.

OAS

FOTO FLASHES



During their tour of the United States as guests of the U.S. Government, Daniel Quirós and Juan Jacobo, members of the Costa Rican Supreme Court, stopped by the Pan American Union. Chatting on the terrace facing the PAU's Aztec Garden are (left to right) Dr. Quirós, OAS Secretary General José A. Mora, Dr. Jacobo, and Costa Rican Ambassador Gonzalo J. Facio.

Naval officers from Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Peru, and Venezuela, studying at the U.S. Naval War College in Newport, Rhode Island, recently came to Washington on one of six orientation tours of military installations and points of cultural interest. They are shown during their visit to the Pan American Union, where they were briefed on the inter-American system.



OAS Secretary General Mora (right) attended a rural luncheon during his stay at the Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences in Turrialba, Costa Rica. With him are Dr. Ralph A. Allee, Director of the Institute, and Mrs. Allee.



A photographic exhibition of modern Venezuelan architecture at the Pan American Union, sponsored jointly by the Venezuelan Society of Architects and the Creole Petroleum Corporation, reveals recent social and economic changes in that country. At the opening, Ambassador Tito Gutiérrez Alfaro of Venezuela (left) and Alejandro Orfila, Director of the PAU Department of Public Relations, admire the show.



FIFTY YEARS AGO a perceptive Minnesota man named Charles Flandrau went to Mexico to raise coffee and wrote a book about his experiences that has become a classic in its field: *Viva Mexico!* In it he says of Mexican children: "They rarely cry, they rarely quarrel, and their capacity for amusing themselves with nothing is without limit. I think all children should be born Mexican and remain so until they are fifteen."

Twenty years later Stuart Chase observed in his book about Mexico that "Mexican children are without exception the quietest and best behaved children in the world."

And thirty years after Mr. Chase's judgment, while we were traveling back and forth across the thickly populated central plateau of Mexico, I heard my wife say: "A strange thing just occurred to me. We've been touring around down here for a month and never once have I heard a child crying."

We tried to find out why the children are so well-behaved, discussing the matter with Mexican parents, with members of the U.S. colony, and with experts in child psychology. We discovered that children don't cry because they are taught not to cry. It is a matter of shame to the parents if they have a whining child, and they devote much time to the task of convincing their youngest children that crying is almost sinful.

Security seems to be a key word in the behavior of Mexican children. Karl Larsson, an artist from Santa Fe, New Mexico, who has been visiting Mexico for many years, told us: "The important thing that Mexican children have is a strong sense of security. And, strangely enough, security grows out of steady discipline, out of knowing their boundaries behaviorwise. They couldn't have security without law, without restriction. Mexican children live by the rules without questioning and without whimpering."

This sense of security is also rooted in family affection. It seems probable that some of the intensely close feeling

MEXICO'S MODEL

*What makes them
well-behaved*

H. ALLEN SMITH

Renowned as the author of such books as Low Man on a Totem Pole, Life in a Putty Knife Factory, and The Compleat Practical Joker, H. ALLEN SMITH, a former newspaperman, writes in a somewhat different vein this time.

a Mexican Indian child has for his mother is traceable to the omnipresent *rebozo*, an oversized, hand-woven stole that his mother is seldom without. The infant, carried about on her back in that snug improvised hammock, is always close to the warmth of his mother's body, and he remains close to her emotionally the rest of her life. The mother and father go to the movies and the baby is with them, slung in Mama's *rebozo*, and in the darkened theater there is seldom a peep out of the child. They take him to market, and to adult parties, and to fiestas—no matter what the hour of the day or night. Physical contact—the *abrazo* (hug)—is the natural greeting between men in Mexico, and there is constant embracing and kissing among members of a family.

There is a powerful unity in the Mexican family that even a war cannot break. Mexican soldiers have always been accompanied on the march by their wives and children. The wives, the famous *soldaderas* of Mexican history, were extremely important to the men, both as to logistics and as to love.

This family closeness is evident in the fact that the sons rarely leave the parental home as long as they remain bachelors—they don't want to strike out on their own. And in many families, even after they are married they go on living with their parents, unwilling to undergo the separation.

Every Sunday, Mexican parents do something special with and for their children. The poorer classes picnic in the park. With the wealthier, it's an opera or a concert and then dinner in a good restaurant. I never felt more privileged than when I was asked to join a family Sunday dinner at home with my Mexican friends, their three married children, and their nine grandchildren. If I felt embarrassed at first at the unbridled demonstration of love and affection, I soon forgot it because I was also included. Even the toddlers came over to give and take their quota of hugs.

My observation is that the Mexican father is much more outgoing toward his children than his counterpart in the United States. He is never too preoccupied or busy to give them his time. In Mexico City there is a prominent industrialist who, one day each week, takes his five-year-old son to the office with him for the day. It is not, he says, to instill in the boy a feeling for commerce; it is simply because he enjoys the child's presence.

We stayed for a while at a resort hotel near Veracruz. There was a Mexican family occupying the table next to ours in the dining room—Papa, Mama, and six children. Papa, a tall, handsome man, was one of the most important lawyers in Mexico City. His love for his children and their affection for him was a thing worth watching

time, of course, Papa's breakfast was as cold as the snow on the summit of Mt. Orizaba.

A Mexican mother has an almost hysterical sympathy for a woman who is without children. Several years ago a New Yorker I know was wandering through Chapultepec Park in Mexico City on a Sunday, savoring the excitement, when she fell into conversation with a Mexican woman with a baby and an older child. The Mexican mother asked where the *gringa's* children were. "I have no children," she responded, whereupon the Mexican mother took her hand and began telling her how deeply sympathetic she felt. "There I was," said my friend, "the well-dressed American tourist, having everything yet having nothing because I had no babies, and she gave me her tenderest sympathy for this tragic void in my life. Her gesture of compassion was letting me hold her brown-eyed baby."

All the Indian peoples of Mexico have traditions of early training for their children. For one thing, they are taught they must not make noise just to be making noise. An old proverb is frequently quoted to them: "*En boca cerrada no entran moscas* [If you keep your mouth shut the flies can't get in]." And they are taught to work. Every child, no matter where his family stands in the social scale, has purposeful duties and responsibilities. In the Indian towns and villages where the native craftsmen operate, the child of a pottery-maker begins to learn to fashion pottery at the same time he begins to learn to talk. A common sight in Mexico is a herd of goats, sheep, or cattle being led along a road or tended in a pasture by one or two children no more than ten years old. In the United States we'd think twice before trusting children that young with such an important task—and then we wouldn't do it.

A scientist I know was wandering around the lovely town of San Miguel de Allende when a boy of about eight approached him and asked courteously if he could show him a fine view of the town. My friend, delighted by the boy's quiet, self-contained manner, accepted his

CHILDREN

by the hour. One morning he arrived a few minutes later than the others for breakfast. His bacon and eggs and fried beans were placed in front of him and he was ready to fall to when his wife spoke to him. Their youngest, a boy of about two, was not eating his food. The noted lawyer quietly put down his napkin, left his breakfast, took a chair beside the baby, and began the job of feeding him with a spoon. The little boy had a toy telephone alongside his dish of cereal. It is the custom among Mexicans to answer the telephone by saying "Bueno!" The father would feed the child a spoonful of breakfast, then pick up the tiny receiver and say into it, "Bueno!" Then another spoonful of cereal, and another "Bueno!" and so on until the dish was empty. By that

Mexican girl with her doll shows pattern of close mother-child tie cited by author as important behavior factor





"Mexican soldiers have always been accompanied on the march by their wives and children." Painting by José Clemente Orozco

offer. It was one of the best mornings he had in Mexico. The view was superb and from the boy he picked up all sorts of information about the town. As they were about to part and he handed the boy a five-peso piece, several urchins, spotting the transaction, rushed up to get in on the swag. The young guide shooed them away, and then observed knowingly, "*No trabajo, no cinco* [No work, no pay]."

A custom so taken for granted that it rarely has to be enforced is that the older child always looks after the younger. A typical sight in the plazas of Mexico is that of a father and mother and perhaps two children, a girl of, say, eight, and a boy of five. When the little boy ranges too far afield from the family group, it is his sister's job to be with him and herd him back into the family circle. Also, and this is most important, it is her job to see that he does not bother other people. Mama and Papa never have to worry about the little boy because Sister performs her assignment with good-natured efficiency.

Also, the older children in Mexico are not permitted to shut the younger ones out of their games. This is a big order—older kids usually don't want any part of the younger "brats." Yet in Mexico this is the accepted custom and it's amazing to see how the children observe it without adult prodding.

Children are disciplined, to be sure, but it is not as severe as might be thought. It often takes the form of deprivation. A girl doesn't get a new dress, or is compelled to stay home while the rest of the family spend the day at a fiesta. But the most effective form of punishment is to shame a child in public or in front of his friends. In Tepoztlán a boy who has misbehaved is made to carry a bucket of corn through the streets to the mill, where he must stand in the long line of women and girls waiting to have their corn ground into *nixtamal*. The boys

of Tepoztlán, you may be sure, would much prefer a hard beating.

We observed a further example of "public" discipline in the market at a village in the state of Michoacán. We stopped there with our guide and were wandering through the plaza where the Tarascan Indians had their wares spread on the ground when we came upon a woman who was switching the legs of a little girl. I asked our guide to find out the nature of the trouble. He came back and said, "The little girl threw away a tin can." A horrible offense among these impoverished people, who find many uses for a tin can. "The mother was not hurting the child," said our guide. "The real punishment was to whip her in public, in front of everyone, even in front of the *gringos*—that makes the little girl so ashamed she will never again throw away a tin can."

I remember, too, another little girl in the Zapata country near the town of Cuernavaca. This was a village that seldom sees a tourist and the little girl, suddenly spotting my fair-skinned, white-haired wife, started to laugh and to point. Her father appeared as from nowhere and slapped her twice. A Mexican child must be respectful toward adults even if they come from the planet Mars and have doorknobs growing out of their ears.

I'm told that a Mexican child would bite off his tongue before he would interrupt an adult conversation. *Me desmayo!* (I swoon!) When my own grandchildren are visiting us, not a shred of sustained, intelligent conversation is possible during all of the daylight hours. This respect was demonstrated one day when I approached three small boys in Cuernavaca to ask the way to a restaurant. There is nothing on earth so funny to the Mexican as a *gringo* trying to speak Spanish. I tried to ask my question, but the more I tried, the worse I got. I could tell that the mirth was swelling up inside of them until they were about to burst; yet they kept their faces straight until I finally gave up and was walking away. Then I heard them explode in laughter and I turned to look back at them. Instantly they composed their features and pretended they were no longer interested in me, and made as if they were talking about something else.

A young New Jersey mother I know who is up on the latest doings of Spock, Gesell & Company is quite indignant about this subject. She is convinced that Mexican children are well-behaved out of fear; that they are intimidated into holding their emotions in leash all through childhood, so that when they become adults they are inclined to fiery explosions and wild and unpredictable behavior. She may be right, but I prefer what Stuart Chase wrote on the subject: "Mexican children never dominate anything. A ginger-whiskered Freudian might stalk among them scenting repressions, but I doubt if youngsters so exuberantly loved by their elders can suffer from this malady, while to the wayfarer their dignity and decorum is a source of never-failing delight."

It was certainly a source of delight to this wayfarer, and I came away convinced of one thing. If there's a single explanation for the exemplary behavior of Mexican children, it probably lies in the Spanish word *cariño*. In our country we call it love. ♦ ♦ ♦

**A Panamanian
Juvenile Court judge examines
a Hemisphere-wide problem**

why juvenile delinquency?

CLARA GONZÁLEZ DE BEHRINGER

X, AN ADOLESCENT BOY, got along well with his teachers and schoolmates. He was highly intelligent and in good health. He came of an honest and deeply religious family. They were people of modest means, but the boy was given most of what he needed for schooling, clothes, and pocket money by an eighty-year-old godmother whom he seemed to be fond of. Why did he club her almost to death as she was dressing to go out with him? Was it to rob her? He was adjudged psychopathic, but how much does that tell us?

Y was taking part in a *junta*—one of the traditional cooperative working parties in rural Panama. Quantities of *chicha* are drunk on these occasions, old animosities are revived as the group becomes boisterous, and nearly

CLARA GONZÁLEZ DE BEHRINGER, a lawyer and former secondary-school civics teacher, has taken an active part in Panamanian politics and was one of the first advocates of the establishment of a special court for juveniles, which she now serves as judge.

always someone is killed. But Y—the well-behaved son of a hard-working farm family, on good terms with everyone—stayed sober. First he provoked a quarrel between two of his companions, in which they stabbed each other to death; then he himself took a machete to a third and danced around the corpse gleefully exclaiming that he was “a real man.” Which no one would have doubted, as he was robust and mature-looking for his seventeen years. Was he merely trying to play his part in a situation of violence and confusion?

H and J, half brothers of twelve and fourteen, were hardened purse-snatchers. They lived with their parents and five other children in a small, filthy, windowless room in a Colón slum. All were in poor health, because there was never enough to eat. Neither of the parents was employed; whenever the father did have a job, he would get drunk and disappear. The mother seemed willing to tolerate the boys’ stealing, though they never brought home any of the proceeds but only their legitimate earnings as bootblacks and newsboys. H, the younger, was practically a captain of industry, for he was intelligent and quick; J was a mental deficient. Neither attended school, of course, but—their mother having enrolled them several times in the past—H had reached the third grade and J the second.

How am I, as judge of the Panamanian Juvenile Court, to handle these cases, all of which have actually come before me? Since my own experience is still limited, I am not sure what is the right thing to do with such children, let alone what has made them act as they did. So I turned to the leading authorities on delinquency—and I find that in the final analysis they do not know much more.

Between such ancient theories as possession by evil spirits that must be exorcised and the more or less scientific work of today, the study of crime has turned to the disciplines of metaphysics, of law, of biology, of sociology, of psychology. At least we today, like the ancients, are concerned with what *causes* it. For many centuries—beginning with the Greek and Roman writers, among them Aristotle—its students cared primarily about dealing out suitable penalties. Beccaria, for example, aroused public interest with his study of crime and punishment (1764), and many of his proposals were embodied in the French Code of 1791. But it soon became evident that neither the safety of society nor the principle of justice was served by regarding crime purely as a juridical phenomenon.

With the neo-classical school, the strict and equal application of punishment was tempered by a more sensitive idea of justice that took age, mental state, and other similar factors into account. It was, in short, a recognition of the shortcomings of the free-will doctrine in dealing with crime. Later in the nineteenth century, the Italian positivists led by Cesare Lombroso used the theory of determinism to wage an entirely new attack on the problem. Though Lombroso’s conception of the biologically fixed “criminal type” was rejected by science, and though the works of his followers—attribution crime to epilepsy, alcoholism, economic conditions, or whatever

else the writer was most interested in—failed to prove the existence of any single cause, their work originated the modern science of criminology.

From the oversimplifications of the positivists we have progressed nowadays to seeking the origin of crime in a combination of causes. A good deal has been learned. But the trouble is—as Paul W. Tappan has pointed out in his book *Juvenile Delinquency*—there is no science of normal behavior to go on. Not knowing what laws govern human behavior in general, we can only guess at those governing deviations from the norm. This is not to minimize the importance of certain pathological conditions in society or in an individual's personality that may lead him to delinquency even before he has grown up. But they never act singly, nor do they always result in crime. Dr. Tappan himself endorses, and amplifies, Alexander and Staub's threefold classification of causes—the sociological, the psychological, and the biological, which would operate for both the "accidental" and the "chronic" or (as he was formerly called) "incorrigible" offender. On the other hand, Dr. Herbert A. Bloch of Brooklyn College argues, while accepting the classification in part, that it too oversimplifies the problem: for one thing, it does not distinguish between a fundamental and a contributing cause; for another, it does not recognize the tendency of the various factors to act upon each other in a vicious circle.

To illustrate the complexity of the problem, let us turn to a few of the facts brought out at the Latin American Seminar on the Prevention of Crime and the Treatment

of Offenders, held by the UN at Rio de Janeiro in 1953. In the region as a whole, "offenses against the person"—homicide and assault—were the predominant form of crime. In several countries, among them Costa Rica, Cuba, and El Salvador, "offenses against property" headed the list, and in each case they were directly related to town life or population density. The UN expert, Professor Juan B. Carballa of the Uruguayan Faculty of Law, regarded them as everywhere the most serious from the standpoint of society—because theft is the crime favored by minors and because it produces the most repeaters. (In Mexico, for example, according to Roberto Solís Quiroga, it accounts for 50 per cent of all offenses committed by minors.) Throughout the area, female delinquency was found to be almost non-existent. The Mexican representative reported an increase in fraud; the Paraguayan was concerned about the rise of gang criminality, which in general is uncommon in Latin America. Alcohol was cited by the Peruvian, the Guatemalan, and the Chilean as inciting to acts of violence.

Now, what does all this tell us? Not very much. It is based, for the most part, on inadequate statistics, and even at best—which depends on the methods used for gathering and evaluating them—statistics are merely quantitative. Furthermore, as Dr. Bloch points out, their significance depends on what they are to be used for: figures of the utmost value in bringing to light unwholesome conditions in a community might have no bearing on a particular case.

We can safely say, however, that wherever radical



No single explanation for juvenile delinquency has been found. Slums promote it but do not necessarily cause it



Violence explodes between son and mother in scene from Los Olvidados, prizewinning Mexican film about delinquents



U.S. picture Blackboard Jungle dealt with high-school gang led by drug addict (left)

changes occur in the economic, social, or political situation, both adults and juveniles channel the resulting discontent into anti-social acts. For example, in small communities with a low cultural level, where the family exerts direct control and the complexities of modern living have not yet made inroads into social relationships, delinquency is hardly a problem. But as soon as industrialization displaces people from country to town, disrupts families, forces women and children to work, and crowds people into miserable dwellings, tension and insecurity ensue. And it is the children that suffer most. Similarly, Professor Negley K. Teeters of Temple University regards

the Indian problem in many countries as more important than the question of delinquency specifically, for the high incidence of crime among the Indians is the product of their poverty and ignorance and the contempt in which they are held. For each country, therefore, we must study the cultural and ethnic elements, the level of economic and industrial development, and the groups (family, school, community, and so on) that control the individual.

For in the end, whether we approach the problem from this social point of view or from the biological (and the old environment-versus-heredity controversy is not yet settled), we must come down to study of the individual. What matters is not so much the existence of conditions favoring delinquency as their actual effects on those who become delinquent.

Dr. William Healy and his wife, Dr. Augusta F. Bronner, eminent U.S. psychiatrists who have devoted themselves to the study of juvenile delinquency, maintain that, considered as a form of behavior, it has as much significance as any of the "socially acceptable" forms—in short, that it is a means of self-expression based, like any other voluntary act, on a motive. Each offender's motive, the desires that were not satisfied in any other way and that sought compensation wherever it could be found, can only be discovered by investigating his personal experiences and his reactions to them. No matter how unfavorable the economic or social situation may be, say Drs. Healy and Bronner, it will not lead to delinquency unless



Not enough is being done to see that these boys do not turn to crime



Children who grow up in streets often get into trouble—but only those with personality defects, say some authorities

it comes up against feelings of guilt, inferiority, inadequacy, or maladjustment. A common cause of such personality defects is stresses and strains in the relations between parent and child, or among the children.

The studies of the Healys, of Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck, of Lucien Bovet, and of a number of others are aimed at eventually finding a psychological common denominator in all anti-social behavior. Bovet's theory is that this common denominator must be a feeling of insecurity, whether stemming from a physical handicap, an underdeveloped central nervous system, or anything else that might block the full and harmonious growth of the ego. From insecurity comes anxiety, which must be placated—sometimes by more or less violent aggressiveness. This, in turn, may lead to a feeling of guilt and thence to a new anxiety, and so on.

If such experts as these, in year upon year of patient research, have come to no conclusion, still less can I do so. Even an authoritative pronouncement on delinquency in my own Panama would be a contribution of sorts. I can only point to a few circumstances, some peculiar to Panama, that would repay study: the strains caused by the operation of the Canal in a small and economically backward country; undeveloped agriculture and the resulting country-to-town migration, made more serious by the international-port atmosphere of Panama City and Colón; the breakdown of the family among large numbers of our people, whether for economic or for moral reasons; commercialized vice, which is apparently invading all social levels; "white-collar" crime; slums and shantytowns.

But though I do not really know why a young offender has come before me, though I cannot see into his mind, I must do something. Certain resources are available to me, so I choose one, and sometimes it works.

X, who savagely attacked his godmother, spent a year undergoing treatment at the Juvenile Court's Observation Center and was then, at the suggestion of officials of the church to which he belonged, transferred to a religious school in Costa Rica. Released after nine months there, he returned to his old secondary school and got his diploma. Today he holds a responsible job as accountant in a government office.

Y, the farm youth, was sentenced to an indefinite term. If the Training School for Delinquent Minors authorized in the law establishing the Juvenile Court had been in existence, he would have been committed to it. In its absence (provision has been made for it in the 1958 budget, but till then we have no place but the Observation Center for those requiring long institutional care), he was sent to our "Nuevos Horizontes" Farm. Now that he has turned eighteen, and since he presented too serious a disciplinary problem for our minimum-security institution, he has been moved to the Model Prison. He remains, however, under the supervision of the Juvenile Court and in contact with an assigned social worker.

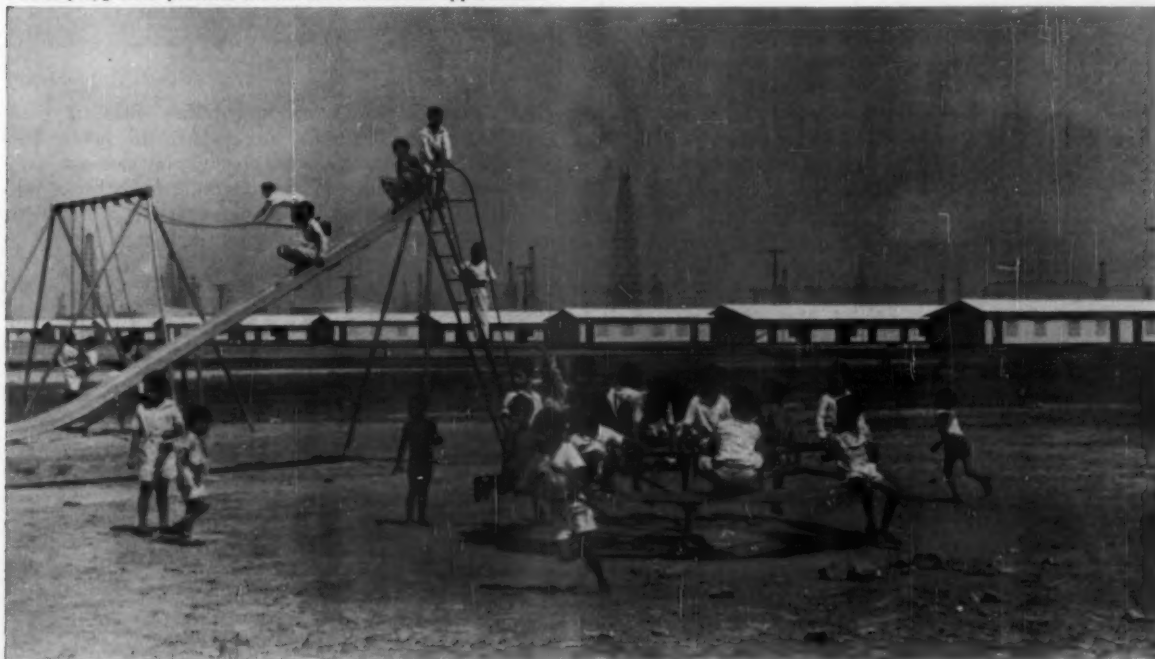
H and J are attending the Court-operated boarding school. The younger is doing well, the elder has tried several times to escape. As for their family, the Court could do nothing to help them beyond seeing that they received the CARE ration for the Panamanian poor; to find them jobs in the "dying city" that Colón has be-

come since the war is almost impossible. We have too many cases and too small a staff for the work we should like to do in preventing delinquency and rehabilitating entire families—a calamity that also befalls many other Western Hemisphere countries. As if to underline the neglect in which H and J's family has been left, an older brother of theirs has since come under Court jurisdiction for a similar offense.

Is such delinquency essentially different from adult crime? Can we separate the various contributing causes in each case? Is there any common denominator among them all? Until we have the answer to these questions, the problem will remain with us.

In the meantime, what is to be done? Despite general agreement on theory—such as the belief in special courts for minors and in guidance as opposed to penal codes—the prevailing practice falls so far short of it that the resolutions of innumerable child congresses and conferences on juvenile delinquency can be said to be no more than pious hopes. If governments, civic groups, and the citizens at large were making the proper effort, every country in America would have juvenile courts—some still do not. These would be headed by judges qualified by character and by legal, sociological, and psychological training to deal not only with delinquency but with cases of abandonment, mistreatment, contribution to delinquency, and so on; to inspire confidence, they would use informal procedures; to discover not so much what the child did as what made him do it, they would have social-service departments adequately staffed with trained and dedicated social workers, psychologists, medical doctors, and psychiatrists. Minors who require detention would be sent to special institutions to be rehabilitated, not pun-

Public playground provides wholesome recreational opportunities



ished; and since the institutional atmosphere is in itself depressing, these would be as homelike (even to their architecture) as possible. There would be orientation clinics, social workers to visit schools, character-building youth organizations, and a well-organized system of foster homes—all indispensable in the wholesome practice of treating delinquency whenever possible through supervised freedom.

But even where a good system of institutions for children already exists—as in Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Mexico, and Uruguay—this is not enough. Just as necessary, or more so, is prevention.

The UN Seminar on the Prevention of Crime, already referred to, noted that preventive programs fall into two categories—the direct and the indirect. Public interest has been concentrated on the indirect, the belief being that whatever promotes the general welfare, improves living conditions, and eliminates the causes of social friction automatically tends to diminish crime. This is dubious. Therefore—without prejudice to attempts at community betterment through low-cost housing, higher wages, more schools and assistance agencies, and so on—greater emphasis should be placed on direct methods. These include efforts to discover pre-delinquents and orient them toward normal conduct, programs for helping first offenders to re-enter society, and, above all, research into the fundamental causes of crime.

To eliminate juvenile delinquency is not the work of a day, or of one person or group, nor is there anything sentimental about it. It is a long and difficult task to be approached in a severely scientific manner with the cooperation of all the persevering citizens, governments, and private agencies that can be mustered. ♦ ♦ ♦



Little League Champs

**Small fry from Monterrey, Mexico,
take world title**

GEORGE C. COMPTON

"STEE-RIKE!" With three strike-outs in a row—for a total of eleven in the six-inning game—five-foot, eighty-eight-pound Angel Macias polished off the frustrated bombers of La Mesa, California, in the finals of this year's Little League World Series. The Williamsport, Pennsylvania, stands rang with cheers for this ambidextrous giant-killer who had just pitched a perfect game—not a La Mesa ball was hit out of the infield while

Angel's teammates ran up four tallies. Back in their home town, Monterrey, Mexico, where the public had been following a telephoned play-by-play account over loud-speakers installed in the squares, crowds broke into song and fire engines raced through the streets with sirens shrieking. The Monterrey magicians were the Champions of the World.

Through a grueling elimination tournament, they had emerged as the best in some 4,400 leagues of eleven- and twelve-year-olds in twenty-two countries. (About three thousand are in the United States, where the World Series was started at the end of World War II.) And this in the first year Monterrey was eligible for tournament competition. The fourteen boys on the squad were the pick of Monterrey's four Little League teams.

When they set out by bus for McAllen, Texas, and their first-round match with the Mexico City team, the boys—and their U.S.-born coach, César Faz—didn't expect to go any further. It took a public hat-passing and the help of the Monterrey Lions Clubs to pay the fare that far. As they went on from victory to victory in McAllen, Corpus Christi, and Louisville, they had to dip into the

building fund for their ball park. The win at Fort Worth brought them their best souvenir of the trip. Beating Waco 11-2, they became state champions and took a Texas flag with them.

In the semi-finals at Williamsport they eliminated Bridgeport, Connecticut, 2-1. Sharp base-running brought the margin of victory when Fidel Ruiz stole home from third base as the Bridgeport second baseman turned his back on the infield while holding the ball.

Pitcher Enrique Suárez held the Nutmeg Staters to four hits. As H. M. Haskins, founder and manager of the Monterrey league, remarked when the team visited Washington, it was a good thing their pitching held out, because the strain of travel showed in their batting averages. As part of their regular training schedule, the boys always took a nap after lunch. Since the semi-final game was scheduled for two-thirty, their siesta time, they set their whole day's program ahead, with breakfast at half past seven and lunch three hours later. With all the excitement, they didn't get any sleep in their two-hour rest period, but no one caught them napping on the field.

A crisis threatened before the final game with La Mesa. The Monterrey players always attended a church service before a big match, but when they went to the church this time they found that the priest had already left for the ball park. A hasty call brought him down to the dugout for prayers before the umpire cried "Play ball!"

The La Mesa boys dwarfed the Monterrey players by an average of thirty-five pounds and five inches per man. In fact, the Mexicans had to wear their own team uniforms because the official World Series suits swallowed them up. But Macías made short work of the opposition. Pitching equally well with either hand, Macías turns southpaw when he plays first, can handle any of the other infield positions right-handed, and covers the outfield either way. If he ever gets to the majors, his ambition is to be a center fielder, not a pitcher, and his baseball idol is Mickey Mantle.

After their Cinderella triumph, the Mexicans greeted the nation via television screens on Dave Garroway's

Joyful teammates carry perfect-game pitcher Angel Macías off Williamsport field after the final out



"Today" program and were week-end guests of the Brooklyn Dodgers. In Washington, President Eisenhower himself presented them with the golden Little League trophy. He also gave each boy a pen inscribed "Stolen from Dwight D. Eisenhower," which prompted one of the players to inquire timidly whether they would end up in jail. While professional photographers tried to line them up, several of the boys whipped out their own cameras and called out orders in Spanish. Afterward they stopped by the Pan American Union and, with OAS Ambassador Luis Quintanilla, recorded an interview for the Voice of America.

Mr. Haskins said he hoped U.S. companies in Mexico would sponsor additional Little Leagues there and announced plans for organizing competition for older age-groups in Monterrey (twelve years is the limit for Little Leaguers) so that the boys can keep on with the game.

With new-found friends paying the way, the team took to the air for the return trip to Mexico City, where ten thousand people braved a rainstorm to greet them at the airport. Mexican President Adolfo Ruiz Cortines gave them a special trophy ordered by the city, and the



President Eisenhower personally presented the Little League World Series trophy to the Mexicans at the White House

boys went to the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe to give thanks for their victory.

The real celebration, of course, came when they got back home to Monterrey on August 30. A hundred thousand proud citizens were at the airport to meet them and an equal number lined and filled the streets as the open cars of their entourage inched into town. Already the city had guaranteed each of the players a full scholarship for the University of Nuevo León, launched a subscription campaign to buy a house and lot for each boy's family, and planned to build the world's finest Little League ball park—a project for which President Ruiz Cortines pledged the Federal Government's cooperation. Mexico knows how to show its appreciation of its boy heroes. ♦ ♦ ♦



Chachito

A fable by Michael Peele

THERE was once a little donkey whose name was Chachito. Chachito was an unusual donkey. When he was very small, he always used to say that he wasn't going to be like all the other donkeys. He was going to prove to the world that not all donkeys were lazy and good-for-nothing.

Do you remember the story of Ferdinand the Bull? Ferdinand was not like the other bulls. He just wanted to sit in the fields and smell the flowers. When he was picked to fight in the bull ring, he just sat down and smelled the flowers that people had thrown into the arena. So he had to be sent back home.

Now getting back to the story of Chachito. Chachito started his life working, running, and dancing. One day when he was racing the wind, the owner of the town's race track happened to see him as he went by. He was surprised at the speed of this little donkey. He had always thought that donkeys were slow and lazy. He told Chachito's master that he could make a lot of money if he let the little donkey run in a race. Since the farmer was poor, he said he had nothing to lose.

The big day of the races came. Chachito was very excited. When he arrived at the track, he saw some fine-looking horses. They looked as if they could run a mile in a second. Then the race-track owner started calling out the names of the horses. When he got to Chachito, the horses looked at each other and at Chachito and started laughing. Some were laughing so hard they even fell on the ground. After making fun of the little donkey, all the horses were taken to the starting gate. Chachito did not know what to think. His heart was heavy but he wanted to prove that he could run. So he, too, went to the gate. Suddenly a gun was fired. The gates opened and all the horses started running. Chachito ran too. He closed his eyes and ran as fast as he could. Then he heard a great shout. He stopped running and opened his eyes to find that he was the only one over the finish line. He had won the race and also set a new record. The crowd was cheering and Chachito was very happy. A beautiful lady put a wreath of flowers around his neck. His mother and father were very proud of their son.

The news of Chachito's winning the race spread all over the land. Soon the champion of all the horses, Laboro, a great white stallion, heard of the donkey's victory, but he just laughed. He said he would have to see a donkey race before he would believe it. But the horses kept asking him to challenge Chachito, so he finally agreed. Chachito accepted.

Chachito's mother and father and all his friends and relatives said he would lose because nothing with legs or wings had ever beaten this champion. But Chachito said he would try anyway. The race was set for the next Sunday.

When the day of the race came, Chachito saw the sad look on all the donkeys' faces. It seemed to tell him he was not going to win this race. Then the starting gun was fired. Chachito and Laboro were off. Laboro was ahead from the start. Chachito saw him moving further and further away. His heart sank. He felt he could not win. He was badly beaten.

Chachito was a sad donkey after the race. All his friends left him and he went off by himself in the fields.

Twelve-year-old MICHAEL PEELE, a native New Yorker, has only recently taken up writing as a serious avocation. AMERICAS is proud to publish his very first effort.

He was ashamed of losing. But one day as he was sitting on a rock, a big horse came over to him. Chachito remembered that this horse was one of those he had beaten in his first race. The horse, whose name was Arco, said that he had watched the race with Laboro.

"You didn't run as fast as you could," he told Chachito. "I know, because you ran much faster in your race with me."

Arco told Chachito that he should race Laboro again. "This time, don't let people tell you that you can't do something you know you can do."

Chachito said he would take Arco's advice and race again with Laboro.

When Laboro heard that Chachito wanted to race him again, he laughed and said that he would not race a donkey again. But Laboro's friends kept telling him to go ahead.

"Race Chachito," they said. "Give him such a beating that he will never want to race again. Make it a cross-country race. He will never even finish."

Laboro agreed.

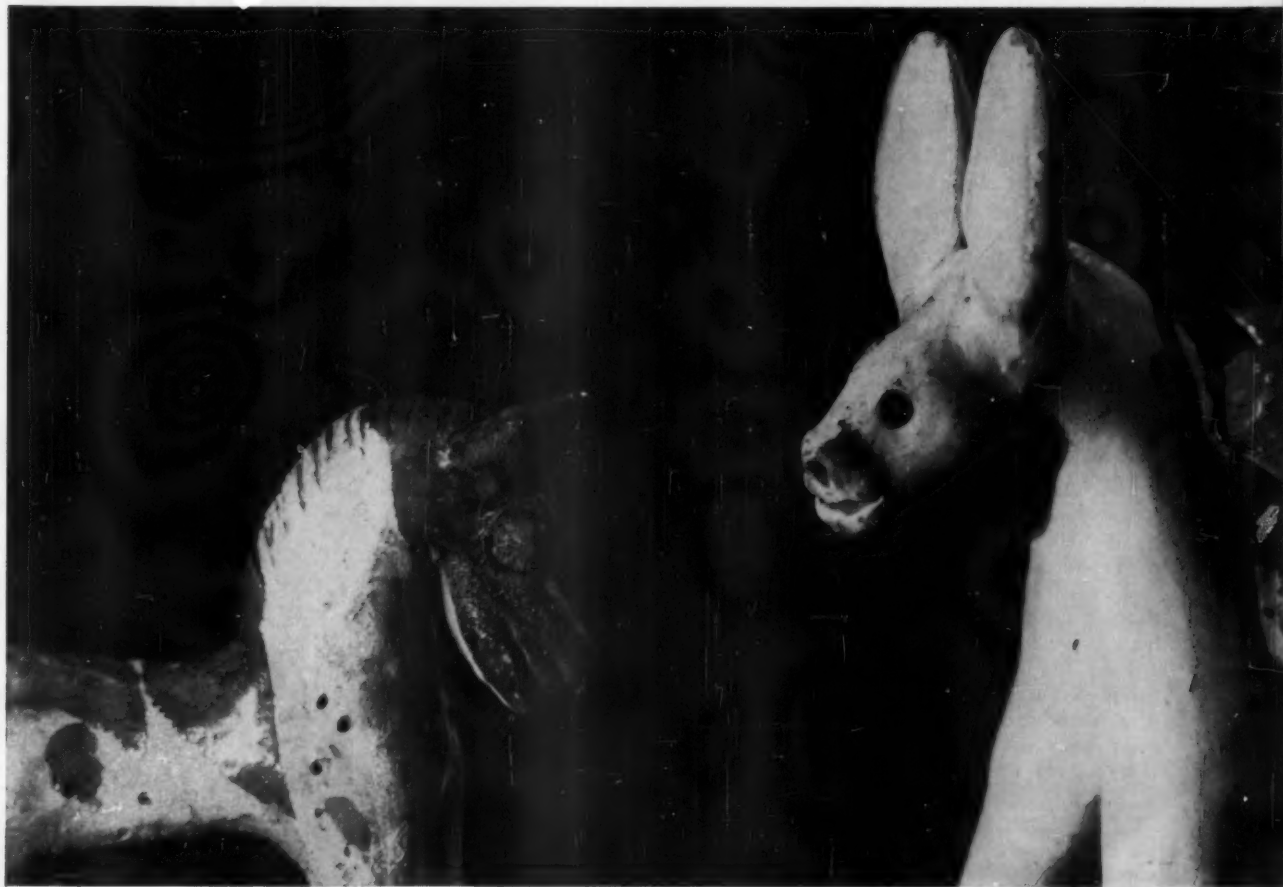
The day of the race came. This time Chachito had more courage than before. Laboro was proud. He bowed to the people who cheered him and said, "I will set a new record."

Chachito looked at Arco, who gave him a sign for courage.

The starting gun fired. Both animals took off. This was going to be a rough race. He and Laboro had to jump over piles of hay. Then they swam across a little lake. In jumping over a fence, both animals fell, but got up again and kept running. It was a long run. Chachito thought it would never end. Just before the home stretch, Chachito tripped and fell, but he got right up and started running. Laboro was ahead now. Chachito felt like giving up, but he saw Arco in the crowd cheering him on. His courage came back. He made up his mind that even if he lost, he would do the best he could. He closed his eyes and ran like lightning. When he looked finally to see where he was, he was neck and neck with Laboro. The crowd was going wild. Both animals tried to run faster, but Laboro was getting tired fast. Slowly Chachito got in front and crossed the finish line first. Laboro was so tired that he fell flat on his face.

Chachito was very, very happy. He had won. He was taken to the winner's circle where flowers were put on his neck. But he took some of the flowers and gave them to Arco.

"Maybe you didn't win the race," he told his friend, "but you gave me the courage to win." ♦ ♦ ♦





Unique library in São Paulo, Brazil

RUBENS TEIXEIRA SCAVONE

A GROUP OF TODDLERS clusters round for the daily "Story Hour"; four-year-old Maria da Graça, who can reel off interesting facts about Chopin's life, listens to a favorite waltz; a blind boy studies English from a Braille edition; a tiny blond draws a farmhouse, with a total disregard for perspective that calls to mind the purest primitive painters; the board of directors—all children—of the little paper called *A Voz da Infância* holds its regular weekly meeting to decide which contributions will go into print. Small visitors wander through the museums of mineralogy and botany, of indigenous art and folklore, or pause over a temporary exhibit that pertains to some phase of Brazilian geography or history. Rarely are there fewer than a hundred absorbed youngsters poring over books in a large reading room.

Something is always going on in every department of São Paulo's unusual Municipal Children's Library, where instruction and guidance are administered in palatable, easy-to-take doses. In a bright, modern building, youngsters up to the age of seventeen find all the comforts of home and most of the elements of a liberal-arts education.

More and more children—in 1956 there were close to a million—are coming to the Library and its seventeen branches scattered over São Paulo. This despite certain rules that keep it from becoming nothing more than a favorite indoor-recreation spot. For one, every child must

spend a set number of hours in the reading section before he can enjoy other privileges, like using the game room.

Another requirement is the questionnaire that goes



RUBENS TEIXEIRA SCAVONE, educated in law at the University of São Paulo, works as a government attorney but still finds time to write books and contribute to several Brazilian magazines.

with each book. The child must give his opinion of the book, tell which character he liked most and why, and write a brief summary. Consequently, he reads more carefully and tries harder to understand and relate facts. This information also helps educational and social researchers and gives the librarians insight into each child's personality.

The reading-room attendant, far more than just a



Files and books, which are catalogued by author, subject, and title, are within easy reach of youngsters



In music section, small Mozart lover has made his own selection and will operate phonograph himself

book-dispenser, is a trained child psychologist. She puts the youngsters completely at ease, helps solve their problems, and encourages their interests. As a matter of fact, the Library exerts a decided influence on the children and, in some instances, has cooperated with parents in curbing anti-social tendencies.

One maladjusted thirteen-year-old, forced by his parents to attend a school he hated, stirred up all sorts of trouble and finally ran away from home. The Library director, aware of the situation and the cause, talked with the boy's family. Subsequently, he was sent to another school, where he soon became an honor-roll student.

Another boy, the ten-year-old son of a truck driver, took books out without his parents' permission, forged their signatures, gave a fictitious home address, and often failed to return books. No one understood why, because to use books in the Library, he had only to fill out a registration card. To take books from the circulating collection—about half of the total—he had to get his parents' written permission, which they would have given willingly had they known. (There is no charge except in case of loss or damage, which happens no more than ten or twelve times a year.) Rather than banish the lad peremptorily, a Library staff member consulted with his parents and impressed on him the seriousness of his offense. He not only continued to visit the Library but never again stepped out of line.

Books are chosen for the Library with utmost care. Specially trained personnel scrutinize all new and revised editions as they come out. When a book passes muster, each of the branches, including the main Library, gets at least three copies if it is fiction, two if non-fiction.

Reading preferences naturally vary and are influenced considerably by the movies. The only constant choice is



Children run off three hundred copies of each issue of A Voz da Infância, small paper that synthesizes Library's many activities

Monteiro Lobato, Brazil's greatest writer of books and stories for children. Brazilian seven- to twelve-year-olds cannot get enough of his works. Dely, a French author whose romantic tales are popular with the teen-agers, and Jules Verne are also favorites. Some of the most-circulated works are *Caçadas de Pedrinho*, by Monteiro Lobato; *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, by Jules Verne; and José de Alencar's *O Guarani*, a novel on the order of *The Last of the Mohicans*.

In the plastic-arts section the children carve, paint, and sketch to their hearts' content. They use the work tables, easels, and ceramics kiln as if they were their own. Materials—canvases, paints, clay, paper, and the like—are furnished free of charge. In one corner a six-year-old lad, who may some day be a great abstractionist, splashes incomprehensible lines of color on a canvas. Seated around a big table, about a dozen youngsters mold clay into various shapes, some functional, others abstract.

At periodic exhibitions the best works receive prizes. Many become part of the Library's museum collection, unless the young "artists" choose to take them home. Exceptional talents are channeled into art schools where they can develop to the fullest. Last year 525 sculptures and 8,822 sketches and paintings were finished. In accord with the Library's general policy, instruction is incidental, not insistent. To stimulate young imaginations, the attendant frequently tells stories that are to be interpreted in drawings and paintings.



Marionette shows are popular in Library theater. Children also put on regular plays, pantomime, and quiz programs

authors are studied, and the pieces thoroughly explained. Often the results are astonishing. For example, José Roberto, barely three years old, easily distinguishes between Mozart and Schubert, between a waltz and a minuet.

The special section for the blind was organized in April 1946. Last year 1,284 youngsters—most of them



Special section for blind youngsters, organized in 1946, offers books in Braille as well as educational and recreational outings

The record library, one of the newest sections, was started in 1951 and now has more than six thousand selections—popular and classical music and story recordings. The children can listen alone or in groups, as they wish. They pick out the records and operate the phonographs themselves. Again, the service is not purely recreational. Each youngster's personal data, preferences, and general progress are carefully noted. Composers and



Below: Girls enjoy privilege of taking magazines outdoors to read at tables under the trees



Books in circulating collection—
about half the total—are
disinfected regularly

Young artist models clay dog in
Library plastic-arts section.
Materials are furnished free



Main reading room, where
children must spend fixed number
of hours before they can use
other facilities



sent by the Padre Chico Institute, a private school for the blind in São Paulo—read 877 Braille books and went on special excursions arranged by the Library. In addition to her regular work, the attendant has transcribed into Braille a wide variety of works, ranging from Paul Gerdely's poems to *Sinbad the Sailor*.

As another example of how far staff members at the Children's Library will go to help their young charges, take Paulinho, a regular visitor who is totally blind in one eye and has only one-quarter normal vision in the other. He was not only taught to read but was given continued additional help until he could keep up with a regular public-school class. All the way through high school, his lessons were read aloud to him and then copied in four-inch-high letters.

In the Library theater the children organize and stage productions, for which they design scenery and costumes themselves (sets are painted in the art section). Often they even write their own plays. If they want to put on a marionette show, a trained attendant makes the dolls to their specifications. Pantomime is also popular, whether to act out a simple proverb or a whole story. From time to time, the youngsters also arrange quiz programs, much like those on radio and television, with questions based on literature, art, music, and the like.

The paper *A Voz da Infância* synthesizes all the activities of the São Paulo Children's Library. Written, illustrated, printed, and managed entirely by the youngsters, it appeared for the first time in 1936 and has been published regularly ever since. The children sell the three

hundred copies of each issue—at a modest price—and use the proceeds to buy prizes for literary contests. The ten-member board of directors serves a year, then hand-picks its successor. After the candidates have been rigorously examined, those judged capable are installed at a special meeting, with the minutes carefully recorded. All articles are submitted to this board for approval or rejection. Some outstanding Brazilian writers, like the poets Paulo Bonfim and Paulo Vanzolini, got their start on *A Voz da Infância*.

The driving force behind this unique institution is Lenyra Camargo Fraccaroli, who is known to librarians throughout this Hemisphere and has headed the Committee on Children's Libraries for Latin America for the past six years. In 1933 she started a students' library at the Caetano de Campos School, where she was a substitute teacher. The initial collection numbered only five hundred volumes, donated by individuals as a result of a "Book Week" campaign. Soon she was invited by the São Paulo Department of Culture to become director of a municipal children's library, an offer that led her into a lifetime career.

Opening day was April 14, 1935. At that time the Library occupied a makeshift rented house. After a stay in another converted residence, the city government finally condemned an entire block and constructed the present quarters. Today the São Paulo Children's Library is far more than a collection of thirty-five thousand of the world's best books for children and teen-agers. In its way it is a sort of university. ♦ ♦ ♦

teen-age symphony

A young Chilean in Chattanooga makes a discovery

XIMENA TAGLE

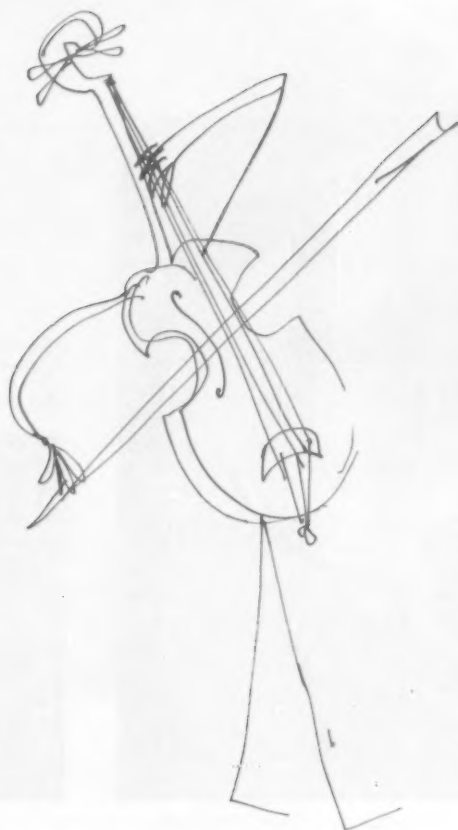
SATURDAY EVENING and the usual crowd. We rock-'n-rolled. We also did the cha-cha. On the way home with Ted I felt disoriented after all the jumping around. When he turned on the radio and bebop poured into the car, I shouted: "Have pity! I can't stand any more of this!"

Ted looked surprised. "As a matter of fact, I want *no más* either," he said. (In my company boys are bound to get some Spanish rubbed on.)

"Thought you never had enough of it."

"You'd be surprised. I have a confession to make. About two years ago I went to a concert. I liked it! I've been going back ever since."

Members of Chattanooga Symphony Training Orchestra rehearse: Glenda King, Sue Pearson, Pat Peek, Virginia Robertson



"Idiot! I expected you to say you were a dope addict. I go to concerts, too, now and then. And I like it."

"Of all the— Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I didn't want to be a square. By the way, why didn't you tell me?"

"Listen, *chiquita*, if you think it's odd to like classical music, you're in for a big surprise. Meet me next Saturday on the corner of McCallie and Georgia at eleven sharp."

When we met at the appointed time, Ted refused to say where we were going. "Just follow me, no matter what." We crossed an alley and went toward a side door of Memorial Auditorium. It was ajar. Ted pushed it open and thrust me inside.

"Look!" I told him. "Enough of this stupid game. There's not a solitary soul in here at this time of day and I'm not going a step farther if you don't—"

A furious roll of drums interrupted me. Then a voice hoarse with anger: "You'll never learn! Start over again. Beat it, roll it, beat it!"

"Look at your music, Romeo."

"Let's wake up in the oboe department!"

Slowly Ted opened another door. Inside, twenty or thirty youngsters were listening intently to a man in shirt sleeves. The kids wore the sloppy garb of any

XIMENA TAGLE, who spent her first twelve years in her native Chile, now lives with her family in Chattanooga and attends high school there.



regular crowd, but all held musical instruments. I gave Ted a knowing smile and whispered: "A jam session."

He smothered a laugh and signaled toward a table; we perched there, since all the chairs were occupied by the musicians. The man in shirt sleeves turned around, said hello to Ted, waved to me, and smiled. Then he raised his arms and the sweetest, most beautiful melody filled the room: Beethoven's Violin Concerto in D Major.

That is how I learned about the Chattanooga Symphony Youth Training Orchestra, started in 1955 to satisfy a group of talented and eager youngsters. One day they were talking to Mr. Christopher Xeros, orchestra supervisor for the city schools and assistant concertmaster of the Chattanooga Symphony. Why not form a special junior, or training, symphony, made up of the best players from the eight city and ten county school bands and orchestras? Mr. Xeros, who is in charge of seven junior-high orchestras, liked the idea fine. So did Dr. Julius Hegyi, conductor of the Chattanooga Symphony, who had already noted how many young people studying music were turning out for symphony concerts.

As the conductor, Mr. Xeros would be a natural. A native of Dallas, he studied at the North Texas State College, later at the Juilliard School of Music and the University of Colorado. His teachers were such prominent conductors and musicians as Thor Johnson and Pierre Monteux. And of course he had plenty of experience in handling young people in the city schools.

After receiving the approval of the Chattanooga Symphony Board, the project got under way and eighty students showed up for the first rehearsal. But the beginning was not easy. The only place available for rehearsals was a recreation center. Playing with a basketball game going on and during an Indian raid of little ones shrieking and scalping each other was not inspiring. The musicians' union came to the rescue and lent a room in the city's Memorial Auditorium, where they now rehearse every Saturday morning for two hours.

The following spring the Youth Training Orchestra gave its first concert, free to the public. This has been repeated once a year ever since for the people of Chattanooga. By invitation the orchestra also plays at festivals, schools, and universities, with expenses paid by the sponsor. The orchestra's general expenses, such as cost of the auditorium for the annual concert, music, the conductor's salary, and so on, come out of donations from PTA groups and other interested people and from the symphony operating fund. Players either use their own instruments or borrow them from the schools.

The "midget performers" have already given their first out-of-town concert, in Collegedale, Tennessee. This nearly was an "unstarted symphony." In the rush and excitement of getting off, some of the players missed the bus. There they were, stranded at the depot, until the gallant boy friend of one of the girls gave them a ride. The orchestra has even been invited to play at Carnegie Hall in New York at the annual convention of music teachers. But school and exam schedules did not allow the players to take a week off for it.

Mr. Xeros got a big kick when I told him that until

then I'd thought that classical music was dying, that when Casals, Menuhin, Arrau, and other contemporaries were gone, there would be nobody to take their places.

I got a ribbing from the players too. "Besides, we *can* play jazz." And they started to demonstrate. But Mr. Xeros put a stop to it. "Of course, we're not snobs. But everything in its time and place. Jazz is all right where it belongs. Our orchestra is for the boy or girl who has real talent and a feeling for classical music. We give them a chance for serious symphony practice they can't get anywhere else so that some day maybe they can climb to the top in the musical world."

At Mr. Xeros' suggestion, one week end I attended the Sewanee Summer Music Center, where up to a hundred young musicians meet to continue their training under the best musicians in Tennessee. Not far from Chattanooga, on the campus of the University of the South, the Center has ten faculty members offering music courses. Sewanee's American Gothic buildings stand out amid the greens of oaks and pines. When we arrived, students from all over the South were giving an open-air concert in the garden next to the library and the south tower—whose chimes sometimes blended unexpectedly with the music, to the confusion of the musicians and the amusement of the audience. I left impressed at the way teen-age musicians, symphony performers, and music teachers worked and had fun together.

Since 1955 eight of the young Chattanooga players have graduated from Mr. Xeros' group to the Chattanooga Symphony Orchestra. Some, like Becky Pike, Jimmy Francis, and Ann Mee, are still in high school. But they had to be good to get by Dr. Hegyi's screening in the first place. ♦ ♦ ♦





THE COW

AS A FINAL TOUCH to a review of the *Pocket Book of Boners*, which deals with U.S. children's mistakes, Paulo Mendes de Almeida—writing for the São Paulo daily *O Estado de São Paulo*—reprinted this delightful, informative essay by a Brazilian third-grader:

"The cow is a domestic mammal. It has six sides. Top, bottom, right, left, front, and back. In front is the head. It has horns where there is room for the mouth. The horns are to butt with and the mouth to moo with. The cow is covered with cowhide. Underneath it has a box of milk, it's made for pulling, nobody knows how the cow does it. Behind, it has a tail with a brush. With it the cow bats flies and they fall in the milk. The cow also makes a calf every year. Nobody knows how she makes it, my brother João says he knows. The cow smells good, you can smell it from far off. That makes the smell of the country. The cow's husband is the bull. He does not have milk underneath so he's not a mammal. To call someone a bull is bad. The cow eats potatoes and grass and the calf eats macaroni. She doesn't eat much, she eats again what she ate before. When she eats, she swishes her tail and the food comes up into her mouth again and she eats until she's not hungry any more. When the food is good, the milk is good, but when the food is bad the cow's milk is bad. When it thunders it's sour. That's all I know about the cow."

WILLING WORKERS

EDUARDO GUTIÉRREZ, a student at the Industrial University of Santander in Bucaramanga, Colombia, deplores the fact that "Colombian industry seems

unaware of how much benefit it can derive from the University . . . and does not collaborate in training the student-engineers." His article, which appeared in the first issue of the Santander University Association's new monthly paper *Movimiento*, continues:

"Industrialists here prefer to import foreign specialists rather than hire equally well-trained Colombians. . . . There is a certain snobbishness about bringing in foreigners that has got out of control, perhaps because we lack the conviction that by our own efforts we can some day catch up with many of the highly industrialized nations. . . . Or perhaps they like foreigners better because they speak another language and have *k's* in their names. Whatever the reason, Colombians are being deprived of the opportunity to acquire technical knowledge and skill. Our industrialists would rather employ a foreign technician, who is often an expert in name only, . . . than invest a couple of dollars in training a Colombian engineer. . . .

"It is an established fact that a true industry must have a nationality. . . . Nothing is gained from having lots of factories here if they only manufacture foreign products. . . . Also, we will never achieve real industrialization . . . so long as our competition is based on copying and not on improving. If a man hits on an idea for metal chairs . . . within a few days after they come on the market, more than twenty other manufacturers are all putting out exactly the same kind of chairs. . . .

"Moreover, it never occurs to our industrialists that such a well-known company as General Electric, for example, has a research staff that studies a new screw for several years before putting it on the market. They just say

the *gringos* are slow, that they should come to Colombia and 'we'll show them how it's done.'

"... One day students from the University's Chemical-Engineering Study Center visited several local factories, explaining to the owners that they wanted to put what knowledge they had to good use. They found one factory up against the problem of processing so much raw material in so many hours. To do this, a certain kind of pump was needed. The students, after making the necessary calculations, recommended a pump with such-and-such a flow. . . . The owner read the report but decided to install a more powerful pump. After he had ruined a sizable batch of raw material, he had to turn to the same students he had earlier thought charlatans. . . .

"Relations between the University and industry are shrouded in an atmosphere of mistrust. . . . The University can and wants to help industry. . . . We students are not interested in getting rich. We are neither sages nor famous scientists, but we want to contribute to the nation's progress. . . . Fortunately, not all the University's efforts to strengthen the bonds with industry have been in vain. Several companies have responded by giving vacation-time jobs to students. . . . We are not above using tools and getting dirty. We will work hard wherever they put us, whether at a drawing board or in a grease pit. . . ."

HOW TO BE HAPPY

A SPRIGHTLY ARTICLE in the Santiago, Chile, daily *El Mercurio* comments on one of the most remarkable "escape mechanisms" of our time:

"... In the past doctors advised a trip for patients suffering nervous strain from overwork, worry, or whatever. Now, with the rate of exchange at seven hundred pesos to the dollar, they prefer to prescribe something that will not aggravate the situation: tranquilizers. . . . These cost enough, to be sure, but not as much as a vacation in Paris.

"The results? Wonderful. I haven't tried them myself, but I know people who have shrugged off jitters and pessimism, and have achieved Olympian unconcern and enviable serenity. . . .

"The other afternoon I went to pay

a condolence call. I put on the most lugubrious face and tie I have, but actually I found myself at a cocktail party. At what I thought was an opportune moment, I expressed my heartfelt sympathy to the lady of the house . . . , who cheerfully broke in with 'Won't you have another Manhattan?' and told me that I must try the hors d'oeuvres. A relative explained that she was taking tranquilizers. . . .

"Another time we received an invitation to a formal dinner at the home of friends who were flat broke. We wondered where in the world the money came from. It was a delightful party, down to the last detail. I calculated that with what they had spent on liquor alone they could have made quite an inroad on the unpaid bills. I asked a close friend if they were taking such-and-such a tranquilizer. He said not, that another kind had done much more for them. . . .

"I have several opinions on the use and distribution of tranquilizers. . . . They should be forbidden in budget and credit offices, or their distribution should be inverse to the granting of credit and loans. Perhaps it would be a good idea to give large doses to people applying for credit and little or none to the fiscal employees. I think the telephone company should distribute tranquilizers free to subscribers and that public-transportation companies should hand them out with the tickets.

"Let's be optimistic. Why worry about the low price of copper or the high cost of living? Let's take tranquilizers."



"Better not say anything. If the countess finds out she's forgotten her horse, she'll get an awful jolt."—Vea y Lea, Buenos Aires

A CUFF LINK BY ANY OTHER NAME . . .

IN HIS REGULAR column "Buenas y Malas Palabras [Good and Bad Words]," in the literary supplement of the Caracas daily *El Nacional*, Professor Angel Rosenblat of the Central University of Venezuela reveals the odd history behind the various Spanish names of a common object:

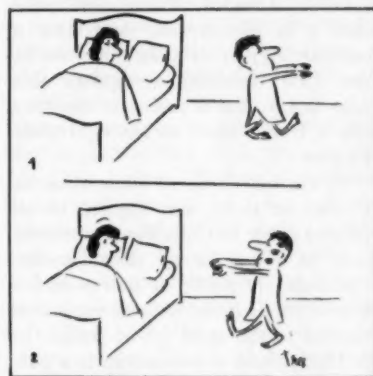
"One of the most unexpected adventures you can have in Venezuela is to go out to buy a pair of cuff links. The first difficulty lies in the name for them, the second in the fact that to find them you must wander endlessly from store to store. I shall concern myself only with the name trouble.

"In Caracas, and in most of the country, you must ask for *yuntas* [pairs, or yokes of draft animals]; in all the western part, from Lara to Táchira, for *mancornas*. Only educated people know the expression *gemelos* [twins, opera glasses, cuff links, and so on, according to the dictionary of the Spanish Royal Academy], a Latinism of the classical era that never became popular in Venezuela. We call opera glasses *binóculos* and twins *morocho*s.

"Now about *mancornas*, an expression we find as early as March 20, 1872, in a letter written in prison by the Lara State author Idefonso Riera Aguinalde. This name is also used in Colombia, and on into Esmeraldas in Ecuador. The diphthong form, *mancuernas*, reaches into Mexico, Guatemala, and Puerto Rico, while its diminutive, *mancuernillas*, is heard in Mexico, New Mexico, and Central America, and *mancornillas* in Texas Spanish. The word must have a long history, for *mancornas* is also well established in the speech of the Philippines, whither it undoubtedly arrived from Mexico.

"*Mancorna* or *mancuerna* is derived from the verb *mancornar* (from *mano*, hand, and *cuerno*, horn), which in its original meaning is to throw an animal by seizing the horns and twisting the neck. This was traditionally practiced in pastures or on dairy farms, especially with calves and young bulls. It seems the cowboys of Salamanca were very expert at it. From the pastures the idea passed to the bull rings. José

María de Cossío made a study of it as a bullfight form. The traditional technique in Thessaly, in Rome, and sometimes in Spain called for the man to be on horseback. The rider would chase the bull until it was tired, then throw himself on the animal's back and twist its head by the horns until he had it on the ground. Sometimes, however, it was done on foot, as an individual exploit. In 1517 Charles V arrived in Spain and stopped off in San Vicente de la Barquera. A bullfight was improvised for him on the beach. A Castilian farm youth faced a bull that charged at him, grabbed it by the horns, wrestled with it, and threw it, to the astonishment of the court. Around 1785 a Negro bullfighter who posed as a native of Veracruz, but had apparently been born in Jerez de la Frontera, one Ramón de Roza or de la Rosa, advertised his act in these words in the Madrid bull ring: 'The valiant Negro performs the never-before-seen feat of throwing the bull by hand [*mancornar al bicho*].' An



—Cromos, Bogotá

Andalusian bullfighter did it as late as Fernando VII's time in Aranjuez, but with a young bull. The sport has been acclimatized in Portugal as well, but as a team venture.

"That is where our verb *mancornar* came from. . . . In Rómulo Gallegos' novel *Doña Bárbara*, it is used to describe a bull being held down by the horns to keep it still. In the llanos, Lara, and through there, it is also common to say that an animal '*se mancornó*' when it falls with its horns stuck in the ground, an accident that may prove fatal. By extension, people can also be *mancornados*, that is, in



"Didn't you say there wasn't room?"—
O Cruzeiro, Rio de Janeiro

an awkward position, inclined to one side, with the neck twisted: 'I slept *mancornado* and woke up with a stiff neck' or 'He was *mancornado* in the rocking chair.'

"Nevertheless, these usages are not the direct source of our *mancorna* or *mancuerna*. The verb *mancornar* came to mean to tie an animal by one horn and one 'hand' [leg]. Some people believe that was the original meaning. Then it was extended to cover tying two animals together by the horns so that they would work as a team. This usage of the term, found in Cuban writings of 1837, persists in many parts of America. From this came 'cows a la *mancuerna*,' and later a *mancuerna* [pair or yoke] of cows or oxen (the Academy recognizes this usage today, but it seems to me they took it from Cuba) as the equivalent of *yunta*....

"So the *mancorna* or *mancuerna*, as of cows or oxen, was applied to all kinds of pairs. In Cuba they commonly speak of a *mancuerna* (two bunches or strings) of garlic or onions and a *mancuerna* of tobacco (two cut leaves attached to the same bit of stalk). In the Philippines, a *mancuerna* is a pair of convicts chained together. And in our own country—in Lara and Trujillo, for example—a pair of *mancornas* may be two inseparable friends, . . . while in Mérida you hear the expression '*Se mancornaron para tal cosa* [They teamed up to do such and such].'

"Likewise, the name *yuntas*, which indicates cuff links in Puerto Rico as well as here, is applied there to any kind of pair. And analogously the *collera* [collar], which was the old-fashioned chain for tying convicts together by their necks (on the expeditions of the Spanish Conquest in these parts, Indians were marched in the same way) has come to mean, in the

cattlemen's lingo of Spain, a pair of riders who chase an animal to throw it. In Andalusia and elsewhere this signifies a pair of animals (a *collera* of turkeys, for example), and in Chile it is the precise equivalent of our *yuntas* or *mancornas*, which in Cuba, in turn are called *yugos* [yokes]. Everywhere, man plays with the same images."

PUNSTER

DESCRIBED as "a magazine about, for, and by young people," *Nosotros los Muchachos* of Córdoba, Argentina, contains serious information as well as bits of nonsense like the following excerpts from a "History of Education": { "Education was invented by the Greeks. Before that, people only knew that they didn't know anything. . . . However, if they knew that they didn't know anything, they obviously knew something. . . .

"Pythagoras thought up the numbers from one to ten, so that professors could give marks (they didn't know how till then). Yet despite this advance, there were only nine wise men: seven in Greece, one in Palestine, and Alfonso the Wise of Spain.

"A fellow named Socrates was appointed the new Minister of Education. . . . As his first official act, he decreed that one-and-a-half-inch foreheads were too low for thinking and that the necessary expansion should be made. Result: the first bald men. He then proclaimed that intelligence should be cultivated. This was misinterpreted, and many began to wear olive or laurel branches around their heads. . . . Socrates was also the first to drink hemlock tea, the precursor of Coca-Cola.

". . . Then paper, printing, and, finally, books were invented, to the delight of booksellers and librarians and to the disgust of pupils, who had to begin studying texts. . . . Well-meaning people filled the world with more and more tomes, resulting in our atomic culture (based on tomes).

"Later, Pestalozzi, believing that there could be no real education without a corresponding desire for knowledge on the part of the pupils, created correspondence courses.

"Rousseau declared that Émile was a good boy. Obviously, . . . if Émile was good, he didn't need to be trained.

. . . Consequently, he was abnormal, and to remedy this, Sarmiento established normal schools. . . ."

VAIN OR AMBITIOUS?

"WE ALL WANT to be a little famous, though it may be only in our neighborhood or in a favorite café," writes Mario Ferretti. His article, which appeared in the Ciudad Trujillo daily *El Caribe*, continues:

"Some people seek fame so insistently that they are often blind to their own ridiculous behavior. Take newspaper personalities. They are born and live on the pages of the papers, always dreaming of the front page . . . and ever threatened by the sudden popularity of new faces. . . . For fame to be anything more than fleeting, they must span the gap between newspapers and history books. . . .

"Fame is to vanity what glory is to ambition. But where does vanity end and ambition begin? . . . Writers, scientists, and artists may deny it, but all long for applause. The best among them are undoubtedly following true vocations; at the same time, they all hope for a Nobel Prize, bestowed by a king amid much shouting and to-do.

"In vain people, the search for fame becomes a compelling, unseemly demand; in the ambitious it corresponds to the desire . . . to leave a memory, a proof that their lives have had meaning. Someone like Nero, who wanted immediate applause, is vain; someone like Stendhal, ambitious. He died unknown, saying: 'They will understand me after a century.' This assurance is enough to allow the ambitious man to die happy. . . .

"Whether vain or ambitious, we all need to hear that we are intelligent or nice or interesting. The man who lacks the initiative to try to win a place in newspapers or histories wants at least the praise of family, friends, fellow workers, superiors. Each of us, in one way or another, wants to feel he is somebody. . . .

"By definition, fame is ephemeral and glory posthumous. We are always surprised to learn that a great artist is still living . . . , because everyone knows that true artists have the sad privilege of achieving glory only after death. Fame ends too soon; glory begins too late. . . ."



BOOKS

RECENT ARGENTINE LITERATURE

Reviewed by Bernardo Verbitsky

HUDSON A CABALLO, by Luis Franco. Buenos Aires, Editorial Gure, 1956.

Luis Franco, who is an Argentine poet, calls the great English-speaking Argentine writer W. H. Hudson "The Great Pan of the Pampa." As is well known, Hudson lived in this country till he was thirty-three—an age at which a man is fully formed, his personality defined and probably unchangeable. It is equally well known that all his work during almost half a century in England is purely a creative recall of his years in Argentina. Cunningham Graham, whose unconquerable nostalgia brought him back when he was eighty-three to die among us, once identified a certain enigmatic quality in Hudson's powerful personality that intrigued Joseph Conrad, Garnett, and his other English friends as being an echo of the fact that behind his commonplace exterior lay "an old gaucho of the plains." One must read this book of Luis Franco's to understand how true this is, how much Hudson was impregnated with the soul of the pampa.

Franco has not written a biography, but perhaps his is the only real biography possible of an artist, for he has succeeded in re-creating the tensions that made a spirit vibrate. He has minutely reconstructed the environment of the author of *Far Away and Long Ago*, from his childhood in the place called "25 Ombúes," on the near-by pampa in what is now the Buenos Aires suburb of Quilmes, to the vineyards of Chascomús and then

farther south to the then deserted southern tip of the republic.

Here we see how Hudson's pacific activities as a naturalist concealed a demoniacal passion for nature that was the mainspring of his life and his work as an artist. His communications to the Royal Society of Ornithologists were considered by that association with the proper seriousness, and several species bear his name, but it is hard to tell whether his correct colleagues ever discovered that contempt and horror of his, which Franco points out, toward stuffed birds and toward all the more or less scientific activity that went on around them.

Franco says that Hudson was the greatest lover nature has ever had. The man who said that "life without birds is not life" loved the freedom and intensity of the winged creatures' existence. Franco describes South America as the continent of birds, in which Hudson could submerge himself endlessly, led by an attraction that was part of his passionate union with the world around him. In this world there are not only birds. There are horses too. Franco devotes beautiful pages to the free life of those wild herds that traversed the immense pampa and, in their liberty, developed their instincts fully and perfected their intelligence. Hudson was a splendid horseman, like every son of the pampa, and he shared with his horse that typical relationship of the gaucho and his mount—the link of sensitive beings surrounded by solitude. Hudson's inspired pages on his own enjoyment as a horseman on the road include an intuitive understanding of the animal's pleasure that makes them, as Franco imagines, an apologia written by Chiron, the centaur who taught Achilles.

There were also men around Hudson, to whom he was certainly not indifferent, and so this book deals as well with the gauchos and the Indians. Hudson's childhood was lived under Rosas, and, although he never had anything to do with politics, he defined concisely the phenomenon of tyranny. Franco, in turn, interprets the social panorama with the same understanding as the geographic, and his pages on Rosas are signally illuminating. Hudson had already dealt with this in his story "El Ombú," of which Franco says: "The truth is that there is more horrible truth and more authentic beauty in 'El Ombú' than in almost the entire rest of our literature and history." He places it right beside *Martín Fierro*.

Neither Hudson nor this poet who evokes him is one-sided. Neither eulogizes impossible returns to nature but a normal integration of the human being, while realizing that man himself is not entirely responsible for his alienation from nature. Franco emphasizes that this authentic primitive, in whom there sometimes seems to be "not only the soul of the purest savage but the even more elemental soul of the animal," did not forget man, "who is also nature." His love for all that has been created, says Franco, is "the fanaticism of his pagan soul, and within him the tenderness for the human cub takes first place." Franco affirms his own faith in the progressive evolution of history and believes that to redeem himself man needs more virtues than those of nature: "They must

be typically human."

There is a kind of humility in Franco's undertaking. Himself a genuine Creole Thoreau, he seems here to have attempted no more than an annotation of Hudson. But again and again he identifies himself with his subject and experiences Hudson's own intoxication with everything in creation. And this is not all, for his book, the work of a poet, is at the same time the product of a thinker. *Hudson a Caballo* is a new epitome of the pampa. In its final chapters, which draw an intelligent parallel between Hudson and Sarmiento, reconciling their contradictions, Franco offers us a new version of *Facundo*, in which "civilization" and "barbarism" are not mutually exclusive but are blended, with a sense of reality and the future. This new *Facundo* is centered not on Quiroga, the Tiger of the Plains, but on Rosas on the one hand and the gaucho, the symbol of a people aspiring to freedom, on the other—the two terms of a national equation.

AMERIGO Y EL NUEVO MUNDO, by Germán Arciniegas. Buenos Aires, Editorial Hermes, 1957. 400 p. Illus.

Amerigo Vespucci, still a vague figure in schoolbook history, is dealt with in lively fashion in this volume, apparently the first biography of the singular Florentine whose name our two continents bear. There is good reason—aside from his being an interesting character—why he should be better known. It was he, not Solís, who actually discovered the Río de la Plata (which he called the Jordan), while on a voyage that took him to about 52 degrees south latitude, all along our Patagonian coast and within a short distance of the strait through which Magellan was to pass thirteen years later. It was an Argentine scholar, Roberto Levillier, who established these and other facts relative to our earliest history, in *América la Bien Llamada* (America the Well Named) and other works.

This is the 450th anniversary of the baptism of America, and Arciniegas tells how it came about. A group of scholars assembled by Canon Walter Lud at Saint Dié, in Lorraine, who were planning to publish the most authoritative scientific works of the time, had chosen Ptolemy's Geography as one of the first when something happened that recalls the effect on a newspaper office of a "stop-press" event: evidence came in of the existence of a fourth continent. The result of all this, in 1507, was Waldseemüller's map, which contains a notable outline of the southern hemisphere and, for the first time, the word "America." The idea probably originated with Ringmann, a poet who belonged to the group. This decision taken in Saint Dié reflects the enormous impression made by Vespucci's letters to Soderini, the governor of Florence, which were published under the significant title *Mundus Novus*. In these letters, which Arciniegas compares to a brilliant piece of reporting by a twentieth-century journalist, the opposing points of view of Columbus and Vespucci are plain. Even after reaching American soil, the former held to the ideas prevailing before his discovery and thus to the conviction that he had found Asia. Amerigo (as Arciniegas calls him and as he was known at the time), who as a native Florentine had a

more concrete knowledge of the Orient, was the first to reach the mainland and the first to state categorically that it was a new world, a world till then unknown.

To Arciniegas, Columbus is a man still tied to the Middle Ages. Vespucci—familiar with the ideas of Toscanelli; a contemporary of Botticelli, Ghirlandaio, Leonardo, and Michelangelo; a friend of Columbus—is a man of the Renaissance. Arciniegas brings to life this world of the Italian cities, especially Florence, where modern commerce and industry were being born and where the bourgeoisie was rising as a class, introducing a new period of history. In this environment, in which echoes of Dante and Petrarch mingle with political and financial ambitions and with wars and intrigues, commercial navigation filled the imaginations of all and the New World seemed to take on existence before it appeared. Vespucci was up to the minute in science and art, and Arciniegas is certainly correct when he says: "In part, Amerigo owed the immediate success of his letters to his literary art."

As Levillier has pointed out, Vespucci's increasing glory "is not the artificial product of effusive apologists but is due to the appearance of proofs or to reasoning based solidly on them that destroys the old calumnies." Arciniegas, for his part, makes it clear to us that he is not attempting here to confirm a preconceived idea. He builds on facts gathered in strict and diligent research, and his biography provides virtually a definitive picture. The reader also profits from his command of an expressive and racy Spanish—the style best suited to give life to his subject and to the bustling environment in which it is set.



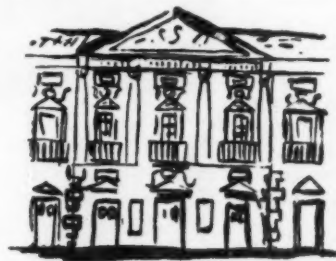
CUENTOS FANTÁSTICOS, by Eduardo L. Holmberg, compiled and with a preface by Antonio Pagés Larraya. Buenos Aires, Editorial Hachette, 1956. 400 p.

Collected here for the first time, these six stories have previously, as Antonio Pagés Larraya tells us, been "dispersed in forgotten publications or in pamphlets difficult to find." Eduardo L. Holmberg died in 1937 at the age of eighty-five. Everyone knew him as head of the Buenos Aires Zoo, and the public had some acquaintance with his work as a naturalist. Much less was heard about his accomplishments as a writer, which can now be appreciated in this edition. One cannot help thinking that it took a certain amount of heroism for him to devote himself to literature, for though he lived to within twenty years of our own day, his career dates back eight decades to a time when our city was justly known as "the big village." He was a physician, but he abandoned his prac-

tice to travel through parts of the country never before explored. As Pagés Larraya points out in his admirable preface, "to him, expressing himself meant undertaking a scientific expedition, describing a new class of spiders, or telling a fantastic story, with no order of preference among these heterogeneous activities. Always looking for the beautiful and the good, he saw no difference between the search for the mystery of nature and the creation of imaginary worlds."

To understand Holmberg's many-sidedness, one must see where he stands in relation to the age in which he began his career. This the editor shows us supremely well, giving us in his preface a full-sized portrait of the man and a broad picture of the life and cultural activities of the last three decades of the nineteenth century—the flourishing of biological studies in the seventies, the arguments on Darwinism, the artistic and intellectual development of a world no less important to us for being small. Holmberg was very young when he first appeared on the public scene, sharing a platform with none other than Sarmiento at a memorial service for Darwin. His curiosity, which in 1872 led him through Indian territory to Rio Negro, drew him in succeeding years to the latest advances of contemporary science. He lived in a world daily surprised by new mechanical marvels—beginning with the railroad—and was fascinated by the broadening of knowledge occurring and expected in every field. Jules Verne's science fiction and Flammarion's astronomical fantasies attracted him, as, in another direction, did phrenology and psychiatry and their almost supernatural offshoots—telepathy, premonitory dreams, and so on.

Indeed, under the influence of Hoffmann and Poe, Holmberg was the precursor in our literature of the fantastic genre and also of the detective story. The first story in this volume, about a painter who wants to fix on canvas the song of the nightingale, and the last, titled "La Bolsa de Huesos [The Sack of Bones]," bespeak his talent, his vivid imagination, and his skill in these fields. His style is flavorful and direct. The dialogue in "La Bolsa de Huesos," especially, marks him as a master of colloquial Buenos Aires speech, and the plot anticipates many of those that combine science with police work. Meeting Holmberg, indirectly through the preface and directly through these stories, inspires reflection on the problem posed by our lack of a literary tradition—the result, in part, of our not knowing about the writers who would embody it and whose acquaintance could be useful to a degree unsuspected by our beginning writers.



MONSIEUR JAQUIN, by José Pedroni. Santa Fé, Ediciones El Litoral, 1956.

While others argue about whether poetry should resemble algebra and use a language of symbols, or be like chemistry and manufacture crystals in the laboratory, or be simply a circus, José Pedroni goes on writing poetry based on human beings, on the immediate native landscape, on the realities and dreams of men. As if that were not enough, he uses anecdote—hateful anecdote, stigmatized by all the partisans of "pure" poetry—as his raw material. Yet it would be difficult to maintain that he does not succeed in creating poetry, purer precisely because of the lyrical stories by means of which he relates an important and dramatic episode in our civil development: the establishment of the Esperanza agricultural colony in Santa Fé Province. This volume is the homage Pedroni pays on its centenary to the city in which he has lived for so many years, concealing his disciplined creative fire under the inoffensive mien of an accountant in a plow factory.

Pedroni's gift for narration—and evocation—in verse is almost incredible. There is a flow to his writing that reveals that poetry is as natural to him as breathing. He makes us experience the hard and bitter epic of the colonists brought from Europe by Aarón Castellanos to settle on land that only their labor made hospitable and fertile. He shows us the life of these men and women who came from an ordered, completed world to vast and hostile desert, unformed, uncreated, menacing. We see them crossing, arriving, undergoing disillusion, deciding to build for themselves all that they had not found, putting down roots through work and love for their new land, stubbornly enduring difficulties, enjoying the fruits of their effort and sacrifice. Pedroni has gone to contemporary documents and accounts, and has even, at times, taken whole sentences from them, which he has incorporated into his poetry with such art that the effect is paradoxically one of utter naturalness.

For his title, Pedroni has chosen the name of a colonist who was carpenter, poet, and chronicler of this community of slow-moving, robust people—his true though humble predecessor in this Esperanza that

<i>es un pequeño punto palpitante</i>	is a small throbbing point
<i>hacia el norte del mapa;</i>	toward the north of the map,
<i>boya del trigo verde,</i>	beacon of green wheat,
<i>corazón de la pampa.</i>	heart of the pampa.

From a century's distance, Pedroni succeeds to Monsieur Jaquin's noble destiny, achieving a lyric plane unquestionably beyond the reach of the latter. Indeed, without composing false eclogues or falling into that conventional imitation of translations of the Scriptures, he has created poetry truly biblical in spirit.

EN LA MASMÉDULA, by Oliverio Gironde. Buenos Aires, Editorial Losada, 1956. 88 p.

If José Pedroni is classical, as he has been from the very beginning, Oliverio Gironde is an experimentalist at the age of sixty-six. Out of the ordinary in both structure and content, *En la Masmédula* strives, beginning

with its very title, to be different. *Masmédula*, a term made up by the author, translates roughly as "beyond-brain," and these poems, if they can be called that, actually proceed from the trackless places of the innermost being. This kind of poetry may not be altogether new, but among us the method has seldom if ever been carried to such an extreme—to the point that for long stretches they are written not in Spanish, strictly speaking, but in a distinct language based on its forms. In seeking the most exact reflection of all that is surging up inside him, the author is compelled to modify existing words to bend them to each instant's precise feeling.



The book examines a problem that also preoccupies novelists: the so-called interior monologue. One thinks in words, but this is only a half-truth; moreover, one feels as well as thinks. How is the complex truth to be expressed? This is the question that interested Joyce, and the fact that I have cited a novelist to help me approach a poet indicates perhaps that all forms coincide in being unable to do anything but express the individual. Girondo mixes the vegetative and the sensorial with intuition and thought, visceral sensations with probings of the spirit, anguish and metaphysical interrogation with the most obscure manifestations dredged up from his deepest self.

If it is relatively simple to describe what the book is about, it is not so simple to pronounce on the results or to evaluate its achievement as a work of poetry—beginning with the fact that the author himself is primarily concerned with something else. What is certain is that experimentation is necessary to art, and bold distortion or invention of language is not to be rejected out of hand. But of course it is hard to imagine anyone feeling the enthusiasm for any poem in this book that could be aroused by one of Juan Ramón Jiménez's, for example. Curiously, however, in dislocating everything else, Girondo has not dislocated rhythm; the style is old-fashioned in a way and awakens known echoes. One cannot tell whether he meant that this should be let alone or whether it emerged through unconscious adherence to a more familiar kind of poetry.

INDIOS Y GAUCHOS EN LA LITERATURA ARGENTINA, by Augusto Raúl Cortazar. Buenos Aires, Instituto Amigos del Libro Argentino, 1956. 240 p.

The author, a professor in the Buenos Aires Faculty of Philosophy and Letters, regards this book, in which he follows the Indian problem throughout our history, as one chapter in a planned series that might be called "Argentine Reality in Literature." Cortazar's criterion—an excellent one—is that literary evidence has great documentary value. A classic work of our literature may serve as an example: Mansilla's *Una Excursión a los Indios Ranqueles*, the account of a participant in the adventures related that has the form and interest of a novel and offers a detailed first-hand description of people and customs. It is on this and other such books alone that Cortazar depends in this work, leaving aside ethnographical studies, histories, and so on.

This is a little-known chapter, avoided in the school-books. The Indians were a vital part of national reality, and in many regions of the country (especially in the Northwest) Indian influence is still strong—in beliefs and legends, in dress, in food, in music, in language. The Indians' relationship with the whites partook both of friendship and of violence. Some of Roberto Payró's novels (*Mar Dulce*, *El Capitán Vergara*) tell of the rounding-up of Indian women by the conquistadors, and a repeated literary motif in the last century was the captive white women abducted by the Indians in their raids on white settlements. The defended frontier, which established a no man's land frequently violated by both sides, was another favorite subject of prose writers and poets. It was here that the Indian came in contact with that typical specimen of the pampa, the gaucho, with whom Cortazar deals only to the extent of his relationship with the Indian.

All this is represented in the literature analyzed by Cortazar in a work whose scope may be judged by the fact that its bibliography contains two hundred titles.

Bernardo Verbitsky is AMERICAS' literary correspondent in Argentina. A well-known novelist, he recently won second place in a competition sponsored by the Buenos Aires publishing firm of Kraft.



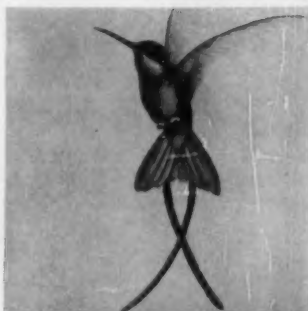
Know Your Neighbors' Birds?

ANSWERS ON PAGE 13



1. The cattle egret, a native of Europe and Africa, has established itself in the last few years in both South and North America. Unlike other newcomers, it was not introduced by man. Does it follow cows because it likes to drink milk, in order to keep in the shade, or to catch insects stirred up by the animals?

2. The crimson topaze is the most resplendent of Venezuela's 121 species of hummingbirds. Are hummingbirds also native to Europe and Africa?



3. The Andean ——— attains the longest wing-spread of any land bird except its California namesake, which is now almost extinct. Fill in the blank.

4. The world's widest-ranging traveler is the Arctic ———, which sometimes nests above the Arctic Circle and winters in Antarctica. Fill in the blank.



5. The South American ostriches, or rheas, are found principally in Argentina and Brazil. Can they fly?

6. The toucan's enormous bill is very light and does not drag in flight. Does this bird, from the Amazon area, prefer fruit, insects, or worms for lunch?



7. The roseate ——— takes its name from the shape of its bill. Fill in the blank.

8. Pelicans, along with guanay birds and boobies, are carefully protected in Peru. Is it because they are prized for their feathers, their eggs, or their droppings?



9. *Nyctibius griseus*, a member of the goat-sucker tribe, is called "Poor-me-one" in Trinidad. Is it remarkable for its fine flavor, its frightening, human-sounding cry, or its very large families?

10. Legend has it that the quetzal cannot endure captivity. Actually, it is difficult to keep caged because it requires high humidity. For what Central American country is it the national bird?





LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

GADGET BUILDER

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on Guy Benveniste's "Powered by the Sun" (AMERICAS, February 1957, English). After five years in Rome I am still an old gadget and do-it-yourself fan. So please tell me where I can buy the portable solar barbecue cooker pictured on page six of that issue.

Gordon McIntire
Rome, Italy

According to Mr. Benveniste the solar barbecue cooker pictured in his article is owned and operated by Dr. Adnan Tarcini, Yemen Legation, Alhamra, Beirut, Lebanon.

CHILDREN'S THEATER

Dear Sirs:

In your February issue, there appeared an article on the Children's Theater in Rio de Janeiro by Maria Clara Machado. I read it with particular interest, as did my twelve-year-old nephew. The article had a strange effect on him, for he suddenly started to write. He is now working on a series of animal fables which we call "The Fables of Mike."

Martin Alexander
New York, New York

Mike's first fable, "Chachito," appears on page 28 of this issue.

Dear Sirs:

I was very much interested in the article "Children's Theater in Rio." . . . The Social Institute of this university would like to obtain some of the author's works for our Children's Theater Section.

Angela Romera Vera
Universidad Nacional del Litoral
Santa Fe, Argentina

INVITATION

Dear Sirs:

The Ninth International Congress on Home Economics will be held at the University of Maryland, College Park, from July 28 to August 2, 1958. The American Home Economics Association and the Canadian Home Economics Association will be hostesses for the Congress. We would be grateful if you could let people in Latin America know that the North American home economists are anxious and eager to have them come.

Joan Cassidy
American Home Economics Association
1600 Twentieth Street, N.W.
Washington 9, D.C.

BOUQUETS

Dear Sirs:

. . . I have read AMERICAS for the past four years. Its increasing strength as a publication has been a great source of pleasure. Never inclined to read travelogues and being very uninformed about the southern half of the continent, I've looked for and found much that seems genuinely interpretative—at least to me. . . . I especially enjoyed Luis Alberto Sánchez's article on "The Essay in Spanish America" in the June issue, and Marietta

The Organization of American States unites the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere for the common purpose of maintaining peace, freedom, security, and welfare of all Americans. The member states are: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela.

The OAS had its inception in 1890 during the First International Conference of American States, which met in Washington. Today, it operates through a large number of different agencies and institutions throughout the Hemisphere, all contributing to the common objective of preserving the peace and security of the member states and promoting, by cooperative action, their economic, social, and cultural development.

The Pan American Union, central permanent organ and General Secretariat of the OAS, has its headquarters in Washington, D. C. Called "The House of the Americas," its main building of white marble, with its tropical patio and Aztec Garden, is visited each year by thousands of Americans from all parts of the Western Hemisphere.

Pan American Day is celebrated annually throughout the Americas on April 14th.

Daniels' "Help Wanted: The Book Trade in the Americas," in the July issue. . . . It has been a pleasure to see you grow.

Juliette C. Devin
Des Moines, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

. . . A few words to express my appreciation for every short story published by AMERICAS. Is anyone compiling an anthology of the short stories that have appeared? . . . I also like the fairness, tolerance, and understanding of the many authors of articles over the years.

Gladys R. Fisher
Elizabeth, New Jersey

No anthology—yet.

Dear Sirs:

I would like to commend you on your "Mail Bag" column and the recent quiz "Know Your Neighbors' Colonial Backgrounds?" They have been very useful to the students and faculty at Southwest DeKalb High School in Atlanta, Georgia, giving us a chance to make personal contact with our neighbors south of the border and letting us share their history.

Kenneth Ehrenberg
Atlanta, Georgia

Dear Sirs:

I read with interest the article "La Negrita of Costa Rica" in your July issue, and was particularly impressed with Mr. Khachadourian's excellent coverage of the subject in the rather limited space allotted to him. . . .

Bea Carey
New York, New York

CALLING ALL DENTISTS

Dear Sirs:

I have high hopes of winning a scholarship to do advanced work in dentistry in the United States. Before leaving my practice here in Recife, I would like very much to brush up on my English by means of correspondence with other members of the profession.

Ubaldo S. Marques
Arranha-Cêu da Pracinha, 6°
Recife, PE, Brazil

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked AMERICAS to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service must print their names and addresses and be able to write in at least two of the official OAS languages (English, Spanish, Portuguese, and French), shown below by the initials after the name. Those who are students are asked to say whether they are of high-school (H) or college (C) level. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk.

Kenneth Ehrenberg (E, S)*—H
1329 Skyhaven Road, S.E.
Atlanta 16, Georgia

Carlos Ripoll B. (E, S)*—C
Olazabal 5053 B.
Buenos Aires, Argentina

Yvonne Bachmann (E, S, German)
Luis Alberto de Herrera 440
Asunción, Paraguay

Maxine Boston (E, S)
11417 South Ashland
Chicago 43, Illinois

Ramón Antonio Pintos (E, S)
Belgrano 1663
Goya, Corrientes, Argentina

Jaime E. Borges Frías (E, S)
Diego de Velázquez 2116
Santiago, Chile

Victor S. Bogunovich (E, S, F)—H
Brasil 1063 (Avellaneda)
Buenos Aires, Argentina

Charles Livermore (E, S)
439 George Street
South Williamsport, Pennsylvania

CORRECTION

Sea Twilight, oil by Emilio Pettoruti of Argentina, which appeared on the inside front cover of the September issue and was described as having won the 1956 Guggenheim International Award, actually won the prize corresponding to North and South America. The grand prize was given to a work by the English painter Ben Nicholson.



The Inter-American Housing Center

► was founded in 1951 by the Pan American Union at the National University of Colombia in Bogotá as part of the Program of Technical Cooperation of the Organization of American States, under the jurisdiction of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council.

The Division of Housing and Planning of the Pan American Union directs the Center, which is operated in collaboration with the National University and the Instituto de Crédito Territorial, the official Colombian agency for the development of low-cost housing.

► provides training for professionals who desire to specialize in the technological, economic, social, and administrative aspects of housing. The OAS offers fellowships for study there to citizens of its member countries. The Center carries out research and experimental work, especially in the application of local materials to low-cost housing construction. A scientific exchange and consulting service offered by the Center makes its findings available to all those concerned with the field.

► issues many publications in Spanish on such subjects as

- Use of bamboo for housing
- Low-cost rural housing
- Construction in tropical climates
- Self-help housing methods
- Stabilized-earth construction

One publication that has attracted wide interest is the CARTILLA DE LA VIVIENDA, a housing primer with 182 large illustrated pages showing all aspects of simplified house construction.

For further information on the publications and work of the Center, you may write direct to:

Centro Interamericano de Vivienda
Apartado Aéreo 6209
Bogotá, Colombia

PAN AMERICAN UNION
Washington 6, D. C., U. S. A.



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